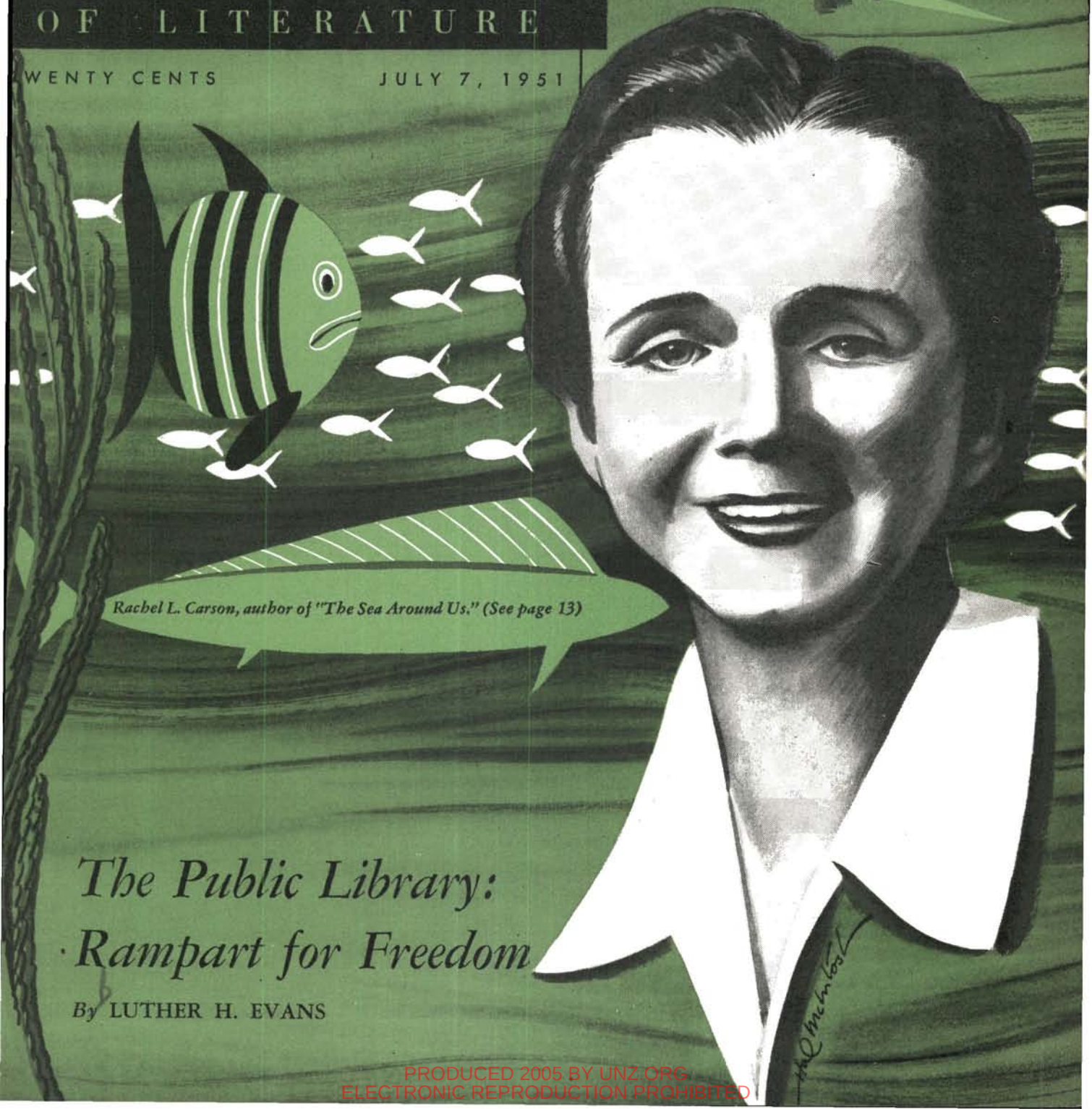
Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS JULY 7, 1951

OUR LIBRARIANS' DIAMOND JUBILEE

MUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY



Rachel L. Carson, author of "The Sea Around Us." (See page 13)

The Public Library: Rampart for Freedom

By LUTHER H. EVANS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amid the newsstands, the radio and television aerials, the motion picture houses of the towns of the United States, the public library stands firm as the treasury of the writings of the centuries, to which the individual who still wants ideas that have not been watered down, that have not been orally or graphically over-simplified, can go.

The American Book Publishers Council extends its greetings to the librarians who represent this peculiarly American institution, and expresses its hope for the continued strength and growth of their activities on this

75th anniversary

of The American Library Association

In a society in which continuously growing forms of mass communication are making ideas increasingly simple and easy to grasp, in a society in which the television screen, the comic book, the "B" picture are replacing the thoughtful word with the superficial symbol, America's publishers know that the word itself is in danger. What we, as publishers, say here we would not say everywhere. But here, in the Saturday Review of Literature, we realize that we are talking to people who, by their very act of reading this publication, have signified their interest in, their dedication to, the thoughtful word and—specifically—to the book.

Of course it is to our interest that books shall continue to be read and it is our hope that they shall be read in greater number. We have ample evidence that there are many Americans who, while not sharing that special interest, do share that hope. These are people who know the book for what it is: the repository for the best which has been or can yet be said; the only medium which can give fullest rein to the free expression of ideas; the medium in which the individual addressed shares with the creator in the exercise of imagination and in the examination of thought.

This is, therefore, more than a casual congratulation from the publishers to the librarians on the 75th Anniversary of the American Library Association. This is an earnest hope that the library will continue to make its unique contribution to American culture. And, because we believe that you, reading this message, share our interest in the book, we do not hesitate to suggest how you can help your public library continue its remarkable public service. We suggest that you should involve yourself in the activities of your library, encourage its reading groups, teach your children to avail themselves of its benefits, support its annual budget requests, and help it resist political pressure. And let your librarian know that you appreciate the service rendered you.

We urge all this knowing full well that the majority of our books are distributed, and must continue to be distributed, through the bookseller. But we also know, and the booksellers know, that as the library increases its area of effectiveness, as it leads more people into the habit of reading, there will be not merely more use of the volumes on the library shelves but also more purchase of books in the bookseller's stock.

Congratulations to the library are not enough. Not from us. Profound thanks are more in line. Profound thanks based on a sincere appreciation of the indispensable service rendered to every one of us who shares through the library in the best of American life.

THE AMERICAN BOOK PUBLISHERS COUNCIL
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

July 7, 1951

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

Articles

Page

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY: RAMPART FOR FREEDOM
By Luther H. Evans..... 6

THEY PUSHED OUT THE WALLS
By Karl Detzer..... 8

INTELLECTUAL THOROUGHFARES
By Douglas M. Black.....11

Reviews

THE SEA AROUND US
Reviewed by Austin H. Clark.....13

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GASPARE TAGLIOCOZZI
Reviewed by Ashley Montagu.....14

THE TROPICS
Reviewed by Tom Gill.....15

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay.....16

QUIET STREET
Reviewed by Charles Angoff.....17

UMBERTO'S CIRCUS
Reviewed by Thomas W. Duncan.....17

THE HIGH CALLING
Reviewed by Daniel A. Poling.....18

FIRE ON THE WIND
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst.....19

BAROQUE AND ROCOCO IN LATIN AMERICA
Reviewed by Harold E. Wethey.....38

FRENCH PAINTING AT THE TIME OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS
Reviewed by John Rewald.....38

THE TWO LIVES OF JAMES JACKSON JARVES
Reviewed by George Boas.....39

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....22

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Arthur Knight.....24

TV AND RADIO
By Goodman Ace.....26

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....27

LITERARY CRYPT 28

LITERARY I.Q. 30

IDEAS ON FILM
By Cecile Starr.....34

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....35

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....38

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 902.....43

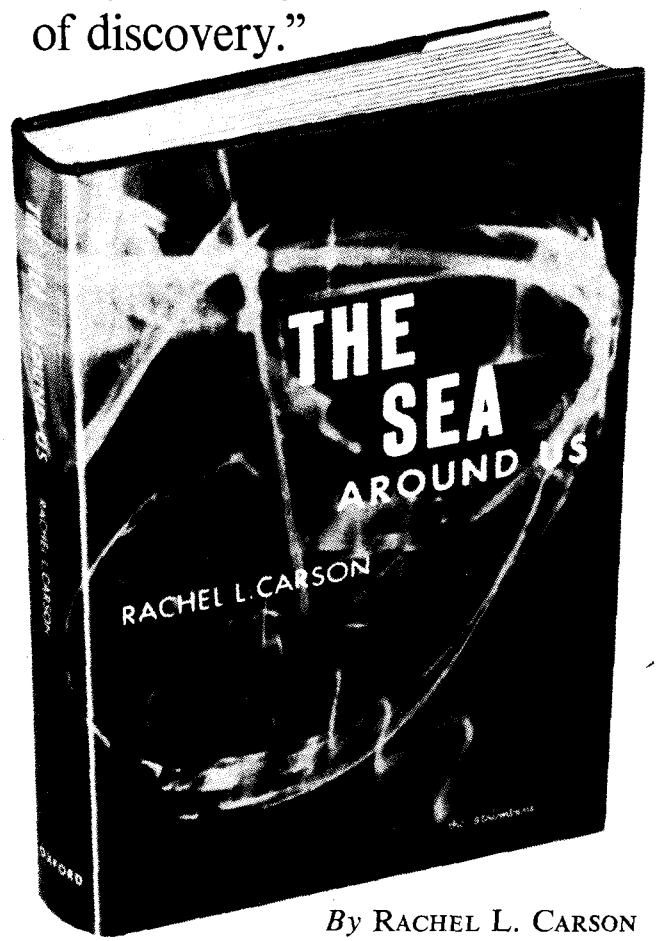
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 27, July 7, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD says:

"A magnificent achievement that will give every reader the thrill of discovery."



By RACHEL L. CARSON

A gifted writer lifts the curtain on "hidden mysteries far greater than any we have yet solved." She has transformed the latest oceanographic studies into a book filled with absorbing and dramatic information. It captures all that is magical, catastrophic and eternally fascinating about the ocean.

"No other writer has so excitingly surveyed the mystery of the sea. A combination of science and vision that holds the reader of this book enthralled . . . Miss Carson's book is likely to stand for years to come as a popular classic on the sea."
—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

"Sheer pleasure to read . . . a perfect combination of the fascinating science and the eternal beauty of the sea."
—THOR HEYERDAHL, *author of KON-TIKI*

"Excels in thoroughness of research, in skillful treatment of details and in sustained, absorbing interest for the general reader."
—WILLIAM BEEBE, *N. Y. Zoological Society*

6 charts, index, bibliography. • $3.50 *at all bookstores*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

LEAFING THROUGH the pages of a dog-eared copy of "The Aristocracy of New York," published in 1848 "in the rear of 80 Nassau Street" by the New York Publishing Company, Nick Griffis, of Brentano's, came upon a couple of candid closeups of the founders of two enduring publishing enterprises:

(Page 9.) APPLETON, DANIEL, of the firm of Daniel Appleton and Co., booksellers, is a native of Haverhill, Mass., successful in the dry-goods business in Boston for many years, but got embarrassed by signing custom-house bonds for Adams & Amory, a commission house. He got extricated from this embarrassment with difficulty and came to New York poor. His first publication was accidental but profitable. This drew his attention to a new business; he felt his way and has followed it up with rare good fortune. His reading not being extensive, he is kept from a danger that men of literary tastes are exposed to—of publishing what *ought* to sell rather than what *will* sell. He is cautious and hard, and is thus saved from annoyances that afflict excessive sensibility. He commenced the book business in a very small way in Clinton Hall; he afterwards got his present location, 200 Broadway, on a long lease, for a low rent. Mr. Appleton is said to be worth $150,000.

(Page 24.) HARPER, JAMES, JOHN, JOSEPH, WESLEY, AND FLETCHER. These distinguished publishers are natives of Newton, L. I., where their father, a wealthy Methodist, spent his days, being married at the advanced age of eighty years, and where he did farming and was also a carpenter by trade. James Harper, the eldest of the brothers, served his apprenticeship as a printer with Paul & Thomas, corner of Water Street and Bruling Slip, as did also John. In 1816 he and his brother John commenced business for themselves in Dover Street. The first book they published was "Seneca's Morals" for Mr. Duychinck, then an extensive publisher, father of the late editor of the *Literary World*. In the following year they took with them the two younger brothers to learn the trade, and themselves commenced publishing on their own account. Their first book was "Locke on the Human Understanding." In 1825 they erected and moved into the building at 82 Cliff Street, having previously taken into partnership their brothers, Joseph and Fletcher. They have since made large additions to the edifice and built one on the opposite side of the street, so their establishment is by far the largest in the country. They print seventy reams of paper per day and last year printed 2,500 volumes, they use a barrel of flour a week for paste and employ 400 persons, one fourth of whom are females, and pay them $200,000 per year. Although generally benevolent and liberal in their charities, they are close in all business transactions. They are zealous Methodists and Temperance men. James is a class-leader in the John Street Church and President of a Temperance Society. He has been one term Mayor of the city, was chosen by the Native Americans—they are worth at least $2,000,000. . . .

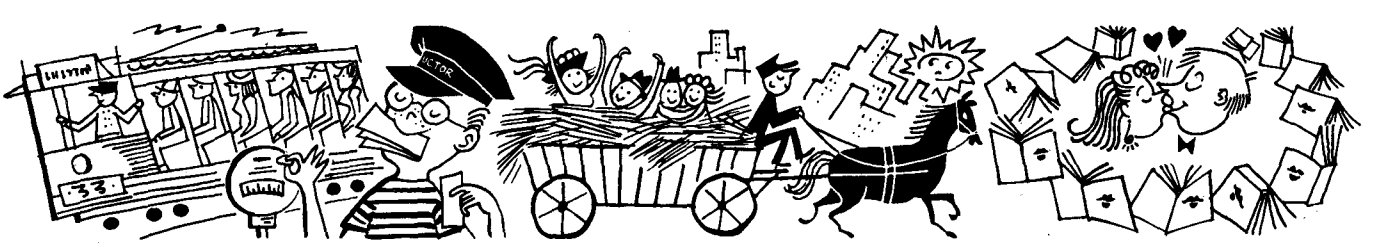
MIDDLE-AGED COOTS like myself who spent their boyhood in a big city are going to get a big bang out of the newest Beebe-Clegg collaboration, "Cable Car Carnival" (Grahame Hardy, publisher, Oakland, Calif.). The text and the illustrations are devoted exclusively to the old cable cars in San Francisco, but they will recall vivid memories of long-junked streetcar systems in other cities as well. I myself was reminded of a childhood ambition to be a conductor on the summertime open trolley cars of the Lexington Avenue line, swinging from brass rod to brass rod along the running board with a pad of red and green transfers sticking out of my pocket or gripped temporarily between my teeth while I rang up fares that registered on a circular meter just back of the motorman. . . . Major hazard on the line was the steep hill at 100th Street, but once that was negotiated the Star Theatre loomed into view, featuring lurid posters for shows like "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" and "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl." . . . *Cue* magazine, in a similar mood of nostalgia, has dug up an outfit equipped to rent a team of horses and a wagonful of honest-to-goodness hay right here in New York today for relatively modest fees. The entrepreneur's name is Harry Abramowitz, and if you conclude satisfactory negotiations with him (phone number: MO 9-6442) the first thing you know you're liable to be careening down Fifth Avenue on a real old-fashioned hayride with a stiff blade of straw assailing one ear and an off-key chorus of "Moonlight Bay" the other. P.S. If you're too la-de-da for a haywagon Hopalong Abramowitz is ready to rent you an authentic tally-ho with equal expedition.

ARTHUR WAGSTAFF, of Walnut Creek, Calif., thinks that a special edition of the new Kinsey report with appropriate illustrations by Peter Arno would give the book business a salutary shot in the arm. . . . A Harcourt salesman was showing Art Wollney, of the New Orleans News Company, a copy of René Sedillot's "The History of the World" (title in England, "Bird's-eye View of World History"). "All of history in 300 pages," marveled Wollney. "That fellow sure Sedillot in a few words!" . . . For the benefit of readers who couldn't quite unravel the mystery of that inscription over a fireplace in a New Hampshire tavern (see TRADE WINDS for May 19) it reads:

"If the grate be empty put coal on.
If the grate be full stop putting coal on.
Don't put coal on over a high fender.
You'd be an ass to risk it."

Everything clear?

LLOYD WENDT and Herman Kogan are writing for Rand McNally in Chicago the history of a fabulous neighboring institution, Marshall Field Company. Title: "Give the Lady What She Wants." . . . When A. P. Herbert (now Sir Alan) completed his first address before Parliament many years ago Winston Churchill commented, "Call that a maiden speech? It was a brazen hussy of a speech!" The Herbert memoirs, called "Independent Member," are published in America by Doubleday. . . . The same firm is readying Jesse H. Jones's "My Thirteen Years with the RFC" and Daphne Du Maurier's "My Cousin Rachel," said to be her surest bet since "Rebecca."... Houghton Mifflin's most ambitious undertaking for fall is Marshall Davidson's two-volume "Life in America," a pictorial history over 1,100 pages long with over 1,200 illustrations,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 1952 ABINGDON COKESBURY AWARD

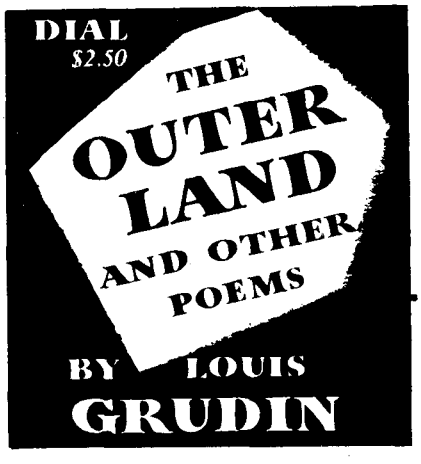
THE ABINGDON-COKESBURY AWARD has been established to encourage the writing of distinguished books in the broad field of evangelical Christianity. The award is offered at intervals of approximately two years to the author of the book manuscript which, in the opinion of a Board of Judges, *will accomplish the greatest good for the Christian faith and Christian living among all people.*

Abingdon-Cokesbury Press will pay to the author of the manuscript selected by the Board of Judges the sum of $7,500, of which $5,000 is an outright award and $2,500 is an advance against royalties. In event no manuscript submitted is, in the opinion of the Board of Judges and the publishers, worthy of the award, the award will be passed and the $5,000 outright award will be added to the award for the following contest.

The Board of Judges
GEORGE A. BUTTRICK
WILFRED E. GARRISON
NOLAN B. HARMON
HALFORD E. LUCCOCK
HENRY K. SHERRILL
HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Manuscripts may be entered in the contest only in accordance with the rules explained in the Award Prospectus, which will be mailed on request.

Address all communications to
ABINGDON-COKESBURY
AWARD EDITOR
150 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, New York



printed by sheet-fed gravure. Look for it in October. H.M. also expect big things of "Dean Acheson and American Foreign Policy," by McGeorge Bundy, with an introduction by Douglas Southall Freeman.

In the elaborate country home near Williamstown of a squire who had collected millions of dollars but no books John Gunther and the late Sinclair Lewis once found themselves coguests at luncheon. It was the summer when Lewis's "Kingsblood Royal" was Number One on fiction best-seller lists and Gunther's "Inside U.S.A." occupied a similar position on all nonfiction compilations. Somebody suddenly observed, "It isn't often you'd find the authors of the two most popular books in the country dining at the same board. I propose a toast to Messrs. Lewis and Gunther." The host regarded his two guests with new respect and exclaimed, "I'll be damned! I didn't know you fellows wrote books!"

POETRY DEPARTMENT

"May I print a kiss upon your lips?" he asked.
She nodded her sweet permission.
So they went to press and I rather guess
They printed a large edition.
—SAM HIMMELL.

At half past five we asked the sun,
"Although we know your day's work's done,
"We have a dinner planned for eight
"And wonder if you might stay late
"So we can serve it out-of-doors
"Beneath our garden sycamores,
"(Where we shall need the extra light
"To keep our provender in sight).
"For this occasion, could you shine?"
Old Sol said, "Sorry—I decline."
—ROD MACLEAN.

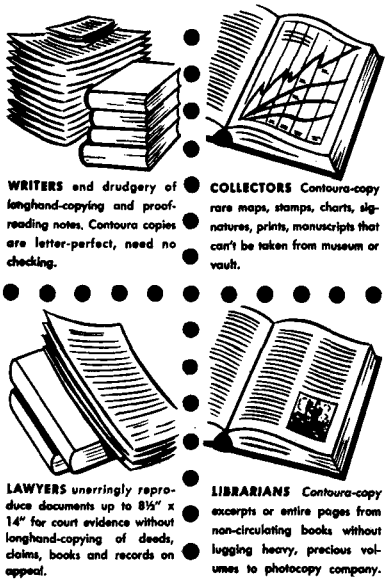
Of all sad things this is, I swear,
Among the saddest reckoned:
The book imprinted "First edition"
That never has a second.
—RICHARD ARMOUR.

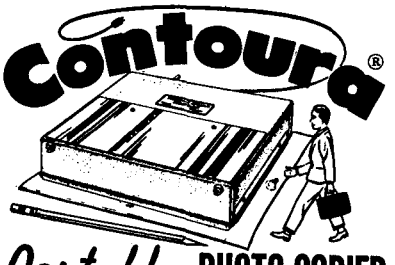
And Jean Jarvis thinks every writer should keep in a prominent place on his desk a copy of these four lines by William Cowper:

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
The language plain, and incidents well linked.
Tell not as new what everybody knows,
And new or old, still hasten to a close.

I know a hint when I see one, Miss Jarvis!
—BENNETT CERF.

HERE'S HOW TO SAVE TIME, MONEY & ENERGY!


WRITERS end drudgery of longhand-copying and proof-reading notes. Contoura copies are letter-perfect, need no checking.
COLLECTORS Contoura-copy rare maps, stamps, charts, signatures, prints, manuscripts that can't be taken from museum or vault.
LAWYERS unerringly reproduce documents up to 8½" x 14" for court evidence without longhand-copying of deeds, claims, books and records on appeal.
LIBRARIANS Contoura-copy excerpts or entire pages from non-circulating books without lugging heavy, precious volumes to photocopy company.



Portable PHOTO-COPIER

Truly PORTABLE! Only four pounds, it fits easily in briefcase or desk drawer. Use it anywhere! Copies anything written, printed or drawn up to 8½" x 14" whether ink, pencil or crayon . . . even if on both sides! Lastingly clear copies only 7c! *Contoura's* unique cushion reproduces tightly bound pages despite curved binding! Needs no darkroom; make exposures under normal artificial light; develop prints, at leisure, in standard photo chemicals. Eliminates drudgery and inherent errors of longhand-copying, typing and proof-reading! Professional, business and industrial users everywhere say *Contoura* affords time and money savings they never thought possible!

Write for Free Folder To-day!

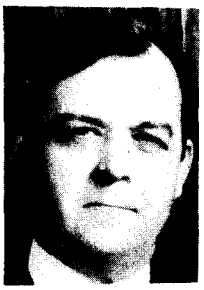
Pat. Pending
F. G. LUDWIG *Associates*
#5 PEASE RD., WOODBRIDGE, CONN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

The Public Library: Rampart for Freedom

LUTHER H. EVANS



—*Harris & Ewing.*
Luther H. Evans

FREEDOM of speech and freedom of the press we justly prize as among the inalienable rights of the individual. But it is upon the correlatives of these—freedom to hear and freedom to read—that all our other freedoms rest. For these are not only among the basic rights of society; they are among the necessary conditions of the existence of a free social order. The perpetuation of a free society requires not only that men have the legal right to hear and read the truth, to seek information from varied sources, to explore divergent views, to be exposed to new or heretical ideas but that they have the actual opportunity to do so. And the perpetuation of our cultural health similarly requires that men have not only the right but the means to encounter a wide variety of intellectual expression and to share with contemporary creators in the arts their fresh and emerging perceptions of the human experience. Free participation in the state exists only where there is free participation in information; the commonwealth of the human spirit is shared only so widely as the works in which it is embodied are shared.

The actual freedom to hear and read was never so important as it is today. A century ago, even in some degree a generation ago, a man could accumulate during his formal education an intellectual capital that would remain valid for the rest of his life and would provide the solid basis of knowledge against which his political and social judgments could be formed. But so rapidly does knowledge expand today and so swiftly do practical affairs conform themselves to new ideas that a man's college education is in good part obsolete before he attends his first class reunion.

The generation of men now reaching the peak of their effective participation in public life completed their formal education twenty-five or thirty years ago. How inadequate is the intellectual equipment of that day to meet the problems of this! The concept of relativity, though well known to physicists, had not penetrated general metaphysics; indeed, the possibility of any alternative to Aristotelian metaphysics was as yet unthought of in the general classroom. The college student of that day, unless a specialist, was graduated innocent of knowledge of nuclear physics and of the whole concept of matter or of cosmology itself as it exists today. His ideas of the state were formal and legalistic; totalitarianism had hardly penetrated his awareness. References to Asia in his academic education had probably stopped with elementary school geography. His economics was shallow and inadequate to the comprehension of the actualities of limited competition or the potentialities of dynamic state intervention in the economic process. The biology he had learned in undergraduate courses was still largely taxonomic, the psychology still mechanically behavioristic. Unless he has re-equipped himself intellectually since he left college, the graduate of the class of 1921 simply does not possess the conceptual tools to deal with the major problems that press on his generation.

At the same time that formal education has become so inadequate for the provision of an informed citizenry the citizenry itself has been projected as never before into the detailed workings of government. Perhaps because the specific acts of government touch him more closely than before and because the newspaper and popular magazine, the radio and television now flood him with the detailed superficies of government action the individual citizen holds more decided views on more particular issues and presses them more effectively upon his political leaders than did his father. And the issues themselves are more complex, more grave, more perilous than any that taxed his father's politics. The democratic revolution has carried far beyond the dreams of Jefferson and undertaken burdens unknown in his day; the necessity of a variously enlightened citizenry which he foresaw has become our compelling imperative.

THE INSTRUMENTS of public information to accomplish that enlightenment are certainly abundant. No people ever spent so many hours of every week reading newspapers and popular magazines, listening to radio comment, observing television programs, and sitting through movies. At times there seems to exist for us not merely the freedom but the compulsion to read and hear. But all these media through which we are so unremittingly approached have one disturbing characteristic: they are instruments through which one or a controllable number of views can simultaneously reach large masses of men. This characteristic lends itself to ideological monopoly. Even where totalitarian usages are not involved, we have seen in our own country the ominous aptitude of the mass media for creating and disseminating one accepted view or a single cultural pattern.

This tendency is indeed difficult to escape. The economics of the mass media are such as to require a mass market for their support. An urban newspaper, a popular magazine, a movie, network radio or television programs can sustain themselves only if regularly heard or read or seen by hundreds of thousands or even millions of people. Such media must be capable

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of interesting and must avoid offending the great mass of the population. Their producers can rarely afford to utilize them for the dissemination of specialized or advanced information, the presentation of divergent views, the advocacy of unpopular causes, or the introduction of novel cultural expression.

This is not to say that the mass media are inherently or usually or even often harmful. On the contrary, they are indispensably useful in purveying the great mass of information and entertainment that *is* of interest to most people. If the opportunities for recreation given by them were cut off this would be a drear place; and without the flow of news achieved by the mass media the functioning of our society would be impossible. However, the mass media cannot fill one of our great contemporary social needs, and it is highly important that there be other readily available sources of information and means of cultural expression as a corrective to their inherent tendency toward uniformity.

Books are almost the only medium that can fill this need. Though the always rickety economics of the book trade has tended to show a disturbingly increased reliance on mass methods of distribution, which fall into the very pattern of uniformity we need to counteract, it still permits the dissemination of a far wider range of knowledge, ideas, and cultural experiment than does the economics of any other medium. Where a movie must be seen by hundreds of thousands to break even and a national radio network may depend on an even larger number of regular listeners for its solvency, a book can be profitable on a few hundred sales a week and can sustain itself on a much smaller distribution. Even the smallest organization can still afford to publish a book or a pamphlet. Both the specialized learned institution and the small committee with a "cause" find in the book their means of expression.

MOREOVER, books are the only general medium of communication under the control of the recipient. A man who wants to experience "Hamlet" may have to wait months or even years before he has a chance to see it on the screen or stage or television or hear it over the radio; but he can read it when he chooses. Though the educational potentialities of the other media are enormous, it is only by rare coincidence that a man impelled to find out something about nuclear fission or cancer control will be able to tune in on a program that will answer his questions; but if he has access to a good collection of books he can get immediately what he wants. A man in the average small city has a choice on a given evening of two to six radio programs, perhaps half a dozen movies, two or three television programs, or at least a couple of newspapers. In his public library he may have his choice of tens of thousands of books.

The economics and what may be called the technology of the book hence directly contrast it to the other major media of communication. Instead of the characteristic pattern of one idea conveyed simultaneously to hundreds of thousands of minds with the selection of the idea in the hands of the sender rather than the recipient, we have the one recipient free to choose among the products of the tens of thousands of authors. The mass media have always the menace of becoming the instrument by which the user is controlled, but the book is always and inherently his servant.

Because books and those serious magazines that share their characteristics are the principal instruments by which man can extend his knowledge, correct his prejudices, enlarge and freshen his views, and broaden the range and depth of his cultural perceptions; because books are the principal means of keeping alive the sacred leaven of heresy, of opposing accepted error with unpopular truth, of giving a voice to the ignored and a forum to the oppressed; because they can intrude freshness and savor into the gelatinous uniformity of our cultural life—the means by which books are made realistically available to people are of the most profound social importance.

An indispensable means is the public library. Though individuals can assemble books that are the working tools of their profession and buy books from time to time that attract them, only the very rich can afford to create private libraries capable of placing at command any considerable portion of available intellectual resources. Even had one the means to buy, only a few bookstores in the largest cities can afford to maintain stocks from which to choose that are at all comparable to those of a reasonably good public library. It is of the essence of the book's utility that it gives the user the choice not only among ephemerally appearing products but among the organized accumulation of knowledge and recorded expression; and this only the library can do.

For an institution of such superlative social importance the public library in the United States has faltered alarmingly in support and in accomplishment. Librarians and public alike are liable to complacency about the state of the library in the United States. We are likely to cite comparative statistics which place us in a flattering position in relation to other countries, without recognizing either the greater responsibility of the library in the United States or its incomparably greater sources of potential support. We are also likely to quote figures on the proportion of the population that receives library service, without admitting that they mean little more than literacy figures.

The blunt fact is that almost no Americans living outside rather large cities—and this means most of us—have access to a library capable of giving really good service, as pointed out in Robert D. Leigh's "The Public Library in the United States." And even those living in large cities rarely use their libraries to the extent that is socially desirable or even essential. Libraries are an underexploited resource even where they are best developed. Most Americans who have access to a library at all have access only to a small, ill-selected, and inadequately maintained collection consisting principally of popular fiction and manned by a part-time staff without professional training. The library which serves the average citizen is likely to be open only for limited hours and to be inconvenient enough of access and use so that the citizen is likely to prefer buying a paper-backed edition for a quarter and throwing it away. If he is truly an average citizen he does not use the library at all!

WHAT is wrong? In the first place, one of the glories of the American free public library—its decentralized local support and management—has become a major weakness. With rare exceptions, good libraries now exist only in large cities. There is no reason why a small school cannot be as good as a large one. Its teachers can be as well paid, its plant qualitatively as good, its per-student budget as high. But a small library cannot be as good as a big one. The very essence of the social function of the library as contrasted with other media of communication is that it can respond to whatever need of the user. And a big collection of books can do this better than a little one. Moreover, only in a sizable library is the specialization of staff possible that is usually necessary for effective professional service. Only relatively large cities of about 100,000 and upward now support libraries of an adequate size to give good service.

But there is no reason why small-town and rural areas of comparable population and wealth cannot unite their library services to provide a central collection of books of adequate size with an effective extension service. And there is no reason why each state cannot provide a comprehensive central reservoir of books to supplement local resources and a central professional staff able to give guidance

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and work on major bibliographical problems or why a state cannot provide funds to assist in the equalization of service between the richer urban areas and the poorer rural areas, as in the case of schools. There is no reason, that is, except inertia and complacency; for the cost above the present unorganized services would be negligible, the return on each tax dollar would be much greater, and with thoughtful planning the full vigor of local initiative and management could be preserved.

As in the case of education generally, there is need also for Federal financial stimulus to library development (though less need for continuing Federal subsidy because of the inherently inexpensive character of library service). This need would be met by the Library Services Bill, which barely failed of passage in the last Congress, is presently before the Congress again, and deserves the vigorous support of everyone to whom books have meaning.

In the second place, we need more and better librarians. The last decade has seen a remarkable increase in the standards and a long overdue and inadequate increase in the salaries of professional librarians. I know of no profession whose members surpass public librarians of this country in a sense of dedication to their duties. But the profession does not yet attract an adequate number of competent people. Many library schools could handle sizable increases in enrollment, and vacancies in professional library positions exist all over the country. Especially will a marked increase in the number of persons taking library training be essential if library services are to be expanded at a rate at all commensurate with the national need. To achieve this we need marked increases in salary, the increase in prestige that comes from the community's recognition of the importance of the library's task, and a permanent extirpation of the myth that librarianship is an effeminate profession for men and an old-maidish one for women, in which adventurous minds cannot find a satisfying career.

In the third place, libraries need to extend their services to include those media which, like books, are capable of inexpensive accumulation into reservoirs. Particularly I have in mind the educational film, recordings, and prints. These materials enable the library to offer a greatly enriched opportunity for intellectual and cultural enrichment, especially in smaller communities affording otherwise only restricted access to serious music and art. This development is now rapidly extending itself in the major urban libraries but is as yet rarely found in those areas in which it is most needed.

In the fourth place, we need to make it much easier to use the library. An analysis of the patterns of public-library use shows clearly, as might

(*Continued on page* 33)

They Pushed Out the Walls

KARL DETZER

A LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, housewife one day last spring finished an afternoon's shopping, then hurried into her city's astounding Free Public Library. Inside the door she dropped her bundles into a wire basket on wheels, pushed it to the reservations desk, and announced: "I want a framed picture for my living room."

She was told that there were few to choose from; most of the 100 originals and fine reproductions in the library's gallery were already out on loan. But she did find a water color by a Kentucky artist, which she decided would be just right for her wall. A librarian stamped her card, and the picture was hers for a month free.

Next she said she'd like to hear some Beethoven. Through earphones she listened to passages from a dozen records, at last borrowed five for a week—also on her library card. At the book desk she picked up a light novel and a heavy volume on race relations—one of the subjects most in demand in Louisville—then hurried downstairs to a darkened room where a score of other taxpayers were enjoying television, another free library service. On her way she put a nickel into a dispensing machine for a bottle of Coca-Cola, which she drank while she rested her feet and watched the show.

Not for long, however. It was nearly five o'clock and she had to get home. There at home, along with thousands of other Louisville citizens, she would tune her FM radio to Station WFPL to hear the Chicago Round Table, followed by a half hour of Mexican folk songs and another thirty minutes of Brahms. This radio station, a 250-watt transmitter, is owned by the Louisville taxpayers and operated for their recreation and cultural advancement. The public library runs it from studios in the basement of the main library building. The public schools give a helping hand, too, and use it as one of the city's most versatile educational tools. Fourteen hours a day it broadcasts good music, significant speeches, open forums, condensed versions of current books and plays, and transcriptions of the best network shows—each of the latter by special permission from the networks—and it also transmits hundreds of other programs each week over a citywide system of leased telephone wires.

These lines connect the library with all Louisville's junior and senior high schools, such parochial schools as want them, the municipal university, the school for the blind, children's wards in the hospitals, the city's psychopathic ward, and all branch libraries. Each of the thirty-five outlets can get any program it desires at any hour of the day merely by asking for it. The library's collection of recordings, although less than three years old, now numbers 7,500 records and wire- and tape-recordings, including opera, folk songs, symphonies, language lessons, poetry, Broadway plays, and transcriptions of every important network program. The radio station captures these latter and files them away on tape.

Teachers need only call the library to bring into their classrooms exciting radio programs on whatever subject their pupils are studying. Sitting at their desks the youngsters explore with Marco Polo, ride the Oregon Trail, gallop with Paul Revere, hunt birds with Audubon, or float down the Mississippi with Huckleberry Finn. They hear masterpieces of prose and poetry read by Lionel Barrymore, Charles Laughton, Orson Welles, and other famous actors. They hear, too, the actual voices of Jane Addams, Amelia Earhart, Woodrow Wilson, Marconi, Edison, and many others.

SCHOOLS, clubs, or just plain citizens may borrow from their library's impressive collection of 550 motion-picture films. Last summer a neighborhood grocer who was worried about idle youngsters on the streets borrowed a film from the library, set up a screen and a soundbox in the vacant lot beside his store. Each evening fifty to one hundred and fifty children sat on the ground, got excellent free movie fare, stayed off the streets. And in three years 3,000 adults have been enrolled in the library's "neighborhood universities," with classes held four evenings a week in four branch libraries. Professors from the municipal university teach subjects which range from music appreciation to the natural sciences. Instruction is free except for students who are working on college credits; they pay only $12.50 per credit hour.

Of course the library also has books

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lou[illegible] ...ramural music ser[illegible]

...udio-Visual Depa[illegible] ...eads—"ever- ...idening circles."

...'S LIBR...RY

Great Books discussion group—"half a million books."

Shopping with supermarket cart—"to the people."

Children's Room phonograph listeners — "astounding Free Library."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—half a million of them. In two years their circulation has risen 40 per cent, in spite of television, from 1,200,000 to 1,760,000 a year. The "transaction cost" —the cost of lending a book, film, picture, or recording—is slightly under ten cents compared with a national average of twenty-five cents. Louisville has done this by streamlining methods and introducing businesslike techniques. Cost of all the library's extra services, including radio, all salaries, purchases of films and records, and rental of leased wires, was $47,541 —about twelve cents for each of the city's 386,000 inhabitants.

Behind the plan to take the library to the people who pay for it are two energetic forty-four-year-old officials known to most of their fellow citizens as Skip and Charlie. Skip is Public Librarian Clarence Reginald Graham, an 180-pounder who looks like a successful contractor and who, depending on his mood, can talk like a philosophy professor, an evangelist, or an irate teamster. Charlie is Mayor Charles F. Farnsley, a big, blond man equally at home in a rough-and-tumble argument on garbage collections or a discussion of Chinese culture. Both are native sons. It was Farnsley who started it all. Graham makes it tick.

THE library has a checkered past. A group of citizens more than seventy-five years ago decided that the town needed a library that was free. They bought a collection of books, lent them at no cost, and supported the project with a lottery; eventually they bought a big business block in the middle of town where the library was housed until forty-five years ago. Then Andrew Carnegie gave a building which the institution still occupies, and the original quarters were leased to a department store—the rentals paying a large part of the annual expense. The library still is not city-owned; the board of trustees, appointed by the mayor and city council, holds the title as a non-profit corporation. About twenty-five years ago Louisville built a bridge across the Ohio River, bonded the city to pay for it by charging tolls. Under a law passed at that time any money left over in the toll fund after the bonds were retired could be spent by the mayor as he saw fit.

Farnsley happened to be mayor three years ago when the last bond was paid—and he found $50,000 left over. He had served on the library's board of trustees, knew the institution's need for cash. Many department heads at the City Hall came forward with ideas about how to use the money—to improve everything from parks to parking lots. But Farnsley walked into the office of startled Librarian Graham, laid a check for $50,000 on the desk.

"Here's some money, Skip," he said. "Tear down the walls. Take the library out to the people."

It was not the first time in Farnsley's regime that the library had broken with tradition. The free library had been free only to white citizens. After he became mayor Farnsley and the board quickly agreed that the "White Only" signs must come down. There were a few dissenting rumblings but now Negroes and whites use the library together in perfect amity.

The radio transmitter itself cost Louisville only $5,000. The station is one of the world's busiest, for in addition to the programs that go on the air as many as twelve may be going out over the leased wires. Because the operating budget is small only a handful of employees man the intricate network. There are times when a single young operator-announcer-engineer—a girl, at that—juggles all twelve programs running simultaneously.

But WFPL gives the people what they want, whether it's a dissertation on flower culture, or a symphony orchestra. The listener-owner is assured of one thing. He can turn on his radio without being assailed by jazz, by giveaway shows, by commercials. Over the leased wires special music is piped twelve hours a day to the city's psychopathetic ward, music chosen by the doctors for its soothing effect.

In the schools teachers build their classes around the programs. Thus, when a history class is probing the Civil War the teacher divides the time between textbooks and radio. The youngsters hear a dramatization of the life of John Brown, which points up the stresses that led to the war. They hear Henry Fonda as "Young Mr. Lincoln" and Raymond Massey as Sherwood's "Lincoln in Illinois." Excitement mounts as the children hear the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter, then the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* described by professional radio announcers in the present tense as if by actual observers. Classes sit on the sidelines at Bull Run and Appomatox. They hear the murmur of the crowd as Lincoln talks at Gettysburg, are present in Ford's Theatre on the dreadful night when the shots rang out and the President slumped in his box. They ride with the pursuers of assassin John Wilkes Booth, are in on the capture.

C. R. Graham—"shrewd advertiser."

No matter what the topic—the coronation of Charlemagne, the discovery of oil in Texas, or Gromyko at the United Nations—it's in the library in dramatic form waiting to live again in any classroom that needs it. Sixteen public school teachers form the "evaluation committee" which picks the recordings for school use, prepares the printed material for classroom use with the records—a summer-long job. Department heads at the municipal university serve as consultants. Local radio stations stand ready with technical advice when needed.

Television in the libraries caused several of Louisville's cultural eyebrows to lift sharply. Statistics prove that in each branch the advent of television stepped up book borrowing. It's easy to stop at the desk after watching a free show and pick up a book to take home. When a local educator complained about the cultural level of the average television program Mayor Farnsley quickly replied: "I'd rather the people came to their corner branch libraries to watch the shows than go to the corner saloons," he said. "Women can take their kids and their knitting there, have a good time—without having to buy a drink."

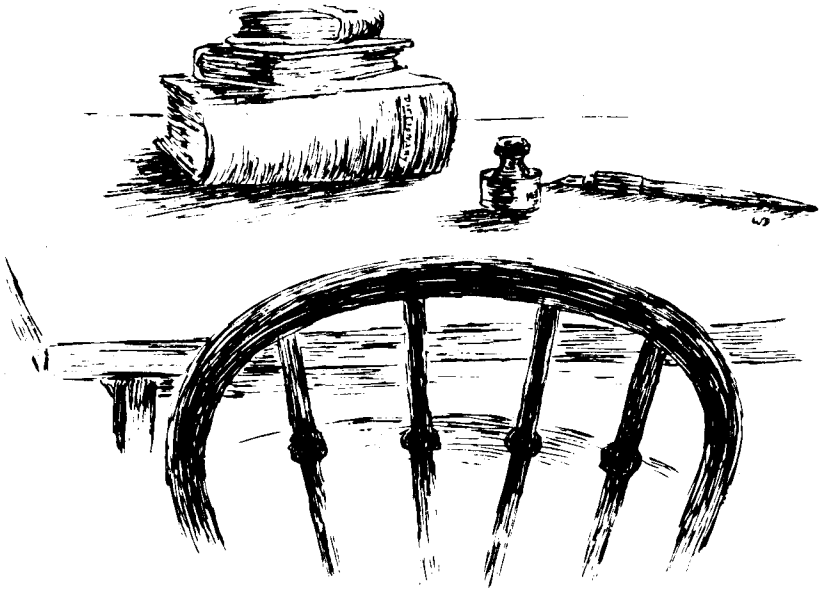
Farnsley backs Graham in his efforts to distribute the services of the library in ever-widening circles, often prods him to step up the process. It was he who talked the Art League into turning over its fine collection to the library for distribution to Louisville's living rooms. Art dealers greeted the innovation coldly but soon found that it paid off in dollars and cents. When a citizen after living with a picture for a month decides that he'd like to live with it always Librarian Graham puts him in touch with a local dealer, arranges a pay-as-you-go plan.

Mayor Farnsley recently walked into the librarian's office, brandished his card, and challenged, "Skip—try putting this thing into your billfold! See, it can't be done. Fits into a woman's handbag—but don't you want men to borrow books too?" Graham quickly agreed. Hereafter Louisville's library cards will be convenient billfold size.

Thus in big and little innovations the librarian and the mayor have "pushed out the walls" and taken books, music, art, and education to the people. Graham, who last year was president of the American Library Association, stated his credo in a message to that organization. "The librarian," he said, "must not only be a scholar and educator, he must be a shrewd advertiser of his library's goods. He must buy his materials, display them, and promote them with all the skill of a huckster."

That may be heresy in some library quarters, but in Louisville it's working out fine.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Intellectual Thoroughfares

DOUGLAS M. BLACK

I SOMETIMES think that one of the disadvantages of being a publisher is that we have so little occasion to make use of the library. Of course, we are constantly consulting the library in the regular course of our business; but somehow there seems to be no time for us to spend an hour or an afternoon browsing through the open shelves, tracking down some private interest through the card catalogue, or simply sitting with a favorite volume in the reading room, raising one eye occasionally to check on the reading tastes of those around us. This is particularly unfortunate, because in a library one can most readily find the pleasures of reading, which are certainly as great as the pleasures of publishing.

In common with most Americans who like books I can trace a great share of this interest to my own early experiences in libraries. From the small community library in the Long Island town in which I was raised, as well as from the great New York Public Library, where I later did much reading and research, I early learned two important things about the function of the library. First, and outstanding to my mind, the library makes book lovers out of book readers, cultured men and women out of the merely literate. Second, the library is built upon the idea of service to the community; and the service that it renders is just about the most important that the citizens of a free community can receive.

Because I have always felt a great debt to the library for the part it played in shaping my own development as a reader and because in my professional capacity I have been continually aware of the increasingly important part which the library plays in our daily lives I am particularly pleased both as an individual and as a representative of the publishing industry to pay tribute to the American Library Association on its seventy-fifth anniversary.

The theme of the Association's celebrations during its anniversary year is "The Heritage of the United States in Times of Crisis." Many thoughts come to mind when we attempt to define the American heritage. But in essence they all boil down to one word: freedom. And freedom of expression is found more substantially in books than in any other medium of communication. Unencumbered by advertising and uninfluenced by advertisers, published privately and independently by relatively small firms usually managed by their owners, books are the freest of all the media of communication. It is safe to say that any man with a serious message to communicate and the ability to express it in understandable language can find a publisher for his book.

But freedom in publishing means nothing if the books are not placed where readers can get to them. It is here that the library plays its most important role, and it is here that publishers should stand most ready to assist the libraries where and when such assistance is needed. The past years have seen increasing attempts by various pressure groups to dictate what books should or should not appear on library shelves. As the cumulative effect of the international tension piles up it is likely that there will be further attempts at such censorship. It is well for all of us to be constantly aware of the fact that the library, like the bookseller, is a point of contact for the publisher, the author, and the public.

Libraries and bookstores are the channels through which ideas in books are communicated. If those channels are dammed, however slightly and at whatever point, our heritage of freedom of expression begins to mean something less to us than it did before. If the freedom to lend or sell controversial books is subverted the inner citadel of free expression falls. If that freedom is preserved the resiliency and re-creative power of American society will survive the tensions and restrictions of the global crisis. Enforced orthodoxy, a long step on the road to totalitarianism, will be felt first in the library and the bookstore, and it is for this contingency publisher and reader must be alert.

The American Library Association has done much to preserve freedom of expression; it will do more in the future. But statistics point up one of the reasons why the Association is perforce limited in some of its activities. Last year the public libraries in cities of this country with a population of 100,000 and over had on their shelves a combined total of over 45,000,000 books. By coincidence the combined total yearly expenditures of the libraries in these cities totaled a little over $45,000,000. These libraries had a combined registration of borrowers of about 135,000,000. This is the bright side of the picture. The reverse is somewhat more gloomy. Thirty-three million Americans are without any library service. In two-thirds of the counties in the United States there is no county service; and in 520 of this country's 3,000 counties there is not so much as a village library serving the townspeople. In seventeen states more than a third of the population is without library service, and of the ninety-four libraries in cities of more than 100,000 population only twenty-two have budgets adequate to provide minimum library service by the standards of the ALA.

NO LIBRARIAN could be more concerned with overcoming these deficencies than is the enlightened publisher. The influence and prestige as well as the scope and service of the library must expand if books are to continue to play an important role in American life. Democracy in this moment of its greatest trial depends for its survival on that kind of free and informed discussion which can take place only if books of many points of view are freely available and widely used. Libraries, private and public, individual and municipal, are a first line of defense in a free society and a first victim of totalitarianism. It has been said

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that one of the important parts of Hitler's plan for world conquest was the systematic destruction of all of the libraries in the conquered countries. He well knew that there would be no better way of enslaving a people than by destroying the books which not only represent a nation's heritage but in the final analysis are that heritage itself.

Historically there has been strikingly inadequate liaison between the library profession and the publishing community. It is therefore encouraging that in the last year the American Book Publishers Council and the American Library Association have created a joint committee which henceforth will serve as a clearing house for matters of mutual interest.

During the past twelve months librarians and publishers have worked together to eliminate the clause in the American copyright law which denies copyright protection to books manufactured abroad. Together they have supported the use of books in the State Department Information and Education Exchange Program and in the Point Four program. It is symbolic of the increasing collaboration between publishers and librarians that the State Department appointed three consultants drawn from the library and publishing fields to advise on the use of books in the Information and Education Exchange Program. These consultants examined the Department's facilities in Washington and in overseas libraries and information centers. They are making recommendations which it is hoped will result in a much more effective and intensive use of American books abroad. It is perhaps symptomatic of the state of things in America that there have been those in Congress and the State Department who have felt that we had no time for such "slow media" as books. The ALA and the ABPC have been seeking to demonstrate both to the Department and to Congress that books are "penetration media" with enduring effect and that only through books can many of the real leaders be reached.

Aside from all these common interests on what might be termed the idealistic plane, there is also the fact of the commercial relationship between publishers and libraries. Library orders alone often justify the publication of important original and creative books which it would otherwise be economically impossible for the average publisher to accept. The hard core of library orders often makes the difference between success and failure in the marginal publishing ventures. If there are more and better libraries publishers will obviously sell a few more books to libraries. Infinitely more important, however, is the fact that if there are more and better libraries there will be more readers, and it is on a vastly expanded readersip that American publishing must depend.

OBVIOUSLY, it is not enough to say that increasing the number of libraries will automatically increase the number of readers. The development of reading habits is a matter of prime importance to publishers and librarians alike. The children's librarian may well have an influence on Young America comparable in terms of the development of leisure-time interests to the influence of parents and teachers. Children's librarians and the role of children's books have been too little appreciated. The impact of modern elementary- and secondary-school curricula on reading habits is obscure, although it is clear that there is frequently a drastic falling off of recreational reading shortly after graduation from college or high school. The remedy may be partly in modification of existing curricula, partly in the improvement of teaching methods. Yet it is quite possible that more important than these factors and more important than reading skills is exposure to that kind of non-compulsory cultural leadership increasingly provided by trained children's librarians.

It would be useful if librarians and educators, parent groups and certain civic agencies would make inventories of book availability throughout the country. Has your child ready access to books on diversified topics and representative of multiple points of view? Has he access to thoughtful and non-dominating reading guidance? Can he explore the world of books unself-consciously? Can he buy, borrow, and lend books easily? On the answers to these questions depend not only the future of your child as a person and as a citizen but eventually the future of the country as well.

The support of library legislation, whether a local bond issue or the current Federal Library Service Bill, should be regularly on the priority list of civic groups of every description. Libraries are intellectual thoroughfares, and communities need libraries in charge of trained individuals who can bear the traffic of new ideas and meet the needs which exist in today's perilous times.

I have always believed that a man's library gives a clear picture of the person he really is. An inspection of the volumes on the shelves in a man's home—with attention not only to their titles but also to the use given the books as indicated by their condition—will tell you more about their owner than will any of his other possessions. In a similar fashion an inspection of a nation's libraries offers one of the surest keys to the true character of that nation. If the library shelves are many and full and the buildings conveniently situated; if no book has been excluded from the shelves because of the race, nationality, political or religious views of the writer; if the condition of the books on the shelves as well as the number of persons in the building indicates that the library is being used—then one may be sure that this is the library of a country that is genuinely free and determined to remain that way.

It is appropriate that the ALA has chosen "The Heritage of the United States in Times of Crisis" as its anniversary theme. No better group could be imagined to discuss this heritage than those who are among its most zealous defenders as well as its surest custodians. It is up to the rest of us, publishers and readers alike, to stand beside them in their aim, as stated in the Library Bill of Rights, of "resisting all abridgment of the free access to ideas and full freedom of expression that are the tradition and heritage of Americans."

Douglas M. Black is president of Doubleday & Company.

"If we were rescued what ten books would you choose to take back with you?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science. *At the time of year a good many of us are renewing our acquaintance with the ocean two publishers have obligingly provided delightfully written yet scientifically accurate books on the vast and fascinating universe beyond the water's edge. Rachel L. Carson's "The Sea Around Us," reviewed below, answers virtually every question likely to occur to the most inquisitive beach-loller concerning the 71 per cent of the earth's surface covered by ocean. N. J. Berrill's "The Living Tide," reviewed on page 28, treats one aspect of the subject more intensively: the organisms that live in the sea, from microscopic diatoms to whales and squid more than fifty feet long. Another fascinating area better suited for mid-winter investigation is the torrid, fertile band around the globe's middle that Charles Morrow Wilson discusses expertly in "The Tropics: World of Tomorrow" (see page 15).*

From the Beginning of the World

THE SEA AROUND US. By Rachel L. Carson. New York: Oxford University Press. 230 *pp.* $3.50.

By AUSTIN H. CLARK

RARE indeed is the individual who can present a comprehensive and well-balanced picture of such a complex entity as the sea in an easy and fluent style and in terms anyone can understand. Rachel Carson is such an individual. Many books have been written on the sea, most of them by scholars with a very detailed knowledge of some aspect of oceanography but with a limited knowledge of popular presentation. Miss Carson's book is different.

Beginning with an account of the currently accepted concept of the earth's origin and the birth of the moon "The Sea Around Us" guides the reader through successive periods of geologic time to the present day. Then the sea itself is described, first the surface waters—their variations and their inhabitants—then the deeper waters, and finally the sea bottom with its undersea geography, sediments, and volcanic activity. This description is excellently handled, all the important features being mentioned in their proper perspective. The plant and animal life and the complex food chains are described in simple language without cluttering up the text with technical terms. (In contrasting the phenomenally rich surface life of the colder regions with that of the tropics it is said that "there are no seals in the tropics." That is almost true, but the Carribbean seal still exists in small numbers on some of the small islands off Yucatán. However, the idea to be conveyed is perfectly valid—seals never were widespread or abundant anywhere in the tropics.)

So much for the sea as it is today. But the sea is not a static entity, as perhaps it seems to be within the short span of a human life. It is subject to constant and continual change. Islands appear and disappear. The level of the sea itself changes from time to time. In different regions new lands become exposed, and old lands sink beneath the water. Volcanic phenomena are at least as frequent on the sea bottom as on land. These processes of change are told with lucidity and accuracy of detail that give abundant evidence of a vast amount of study combined with an unusual ability to select the important facts and to illustrate them with well-chosen examples. The account of the constant movements of the water of the sea as the result of wave action, tides, the upwelling of abyssal water, and other factors is especially good. A large amount of information only recently made available is here integrated into a thoroughly up-to-date discussion of this intricate subject.

The seas of today are the modern and geologically transitory phase of the seas from the beginning of the world into the indefinite future—a single picture from a series of pictures of infinite length. The history of the oceans is clearly outlined in a chapter on the shape and extent of ancient seas in which the present tendency toward a rise in the sea level and a steady and continuing advance of the sea upon the land is described, strictly on the basis of determined facts.

In presenting this detailed and informative picture of the sea Miss Carson has kept in mind one important and necessary feature of the presentation of science to the present-day public that is too frequently overlooked. In the latter half of the seventeenth

THE AUTHOR: Perhaps because pleasure in natural history was so early a habit with her, it did not occur to Rachel Carson until well along in her college career that it was a science—a world that you entered to "become a scientist." Her mother taught her as a tiny child joy in the out-of-doors and the lore of birds, insects, and residents of streams and ponds. Much more seriously she took her interest in writing; she was a proud and ardent St. Nicholas League contributor at ten. Native of Springdale, Pa., she went to Pennsylvania College for Women, intent on taking all possible English composition courses—to be a writer. But the lure of biology asserted itself, and though it entailed academic upheaval to alter her major she did it, encouraged by the woman at the head of the biology department, to whom she has ever since been affectionately indebted. Later there was graduate study at Johns Hopkins and the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory. Her love affair with the ocean was foreshadowed by her longing to see it; when she did there was love at first sight—and forever. She taught for a time, then was aquatic biologist for the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. Now she is editor-in-chief of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and thoroughly happy in her job. Her first book, "Under the Sea Wind," was published in 1941. With that and many magazine articles the sundered careers had become one again. The present book was aided by a Eugene F. Saxton Fellowship, was the basis for the recent "profile of the sea" in *The New Yorker*, and a chapter of it won her a Westinghouse Science award for 1950. Now there is a Guggenheim Fellowship for the next book already in work—a guide to the seashore. The Atlantic has so far been the scene of researches; she says the Pacific will come later. Research took her diving among the Florida coral reefs (as suggested by Will Beebe) in diving helmet. She says the underwater walking is bad—but the experience so exciting you don't mind. We surmise she wouldn't mind anything to do with her beloved ocean, though her slender prettiness does not suggest the seagoing buccaneer. Somewhat shy and quiet, she becomes animated when discussing her specialty, and her charming and unassuming competence suggests that should she meet a shark on her next research dive she might even be able to interest him in a friendly armistice. —K. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century science finally was freed from the inhibitions imposed upon it by theology and began an entirely independent career. It was adopted as a fascinating hobby or avocation by members of the wealthy classes, by individuals enjoying social and financial security, who were able to do exactly as they wished without regard to the bulk of the population. So scientific investigation was in the realm of pure science without regard to any possible practical application. Now conditions have changed. Science is no longer mainly an activity of the wealthy and independent but is increasingly dependent upon society as a whole for its support—and in this country through various Federal and state agencies.

Naturally, therefore, the people ask, how does scientific investigation affect us? What do we get for that portion of our taxes being spent for scientific investigation?

In the last section of her book Miss Carson goes into considerable detail on the importance of the seas in regard to human affairs—their effect on the climate, the utilization of the mineral and biological resources in the present seas and from deposits laid down by past seas, and the importance of the sea as a highway from one region to another. In this section as in the others many points are emphasized and made clear by appropriate historical references. The last chapter gives a brief account of the development of the knowledge of the sea and of navigation by Europeans and North Africans from the time of the Phoenicians and Greeks to the present.

Miss Carson's book is outstanding for the obvious care taken in checking the vast number of facts included, the simplicity and clarity of expression, and the presentation of the subject matter strictly in accord with the present-day attitude of society toward science.

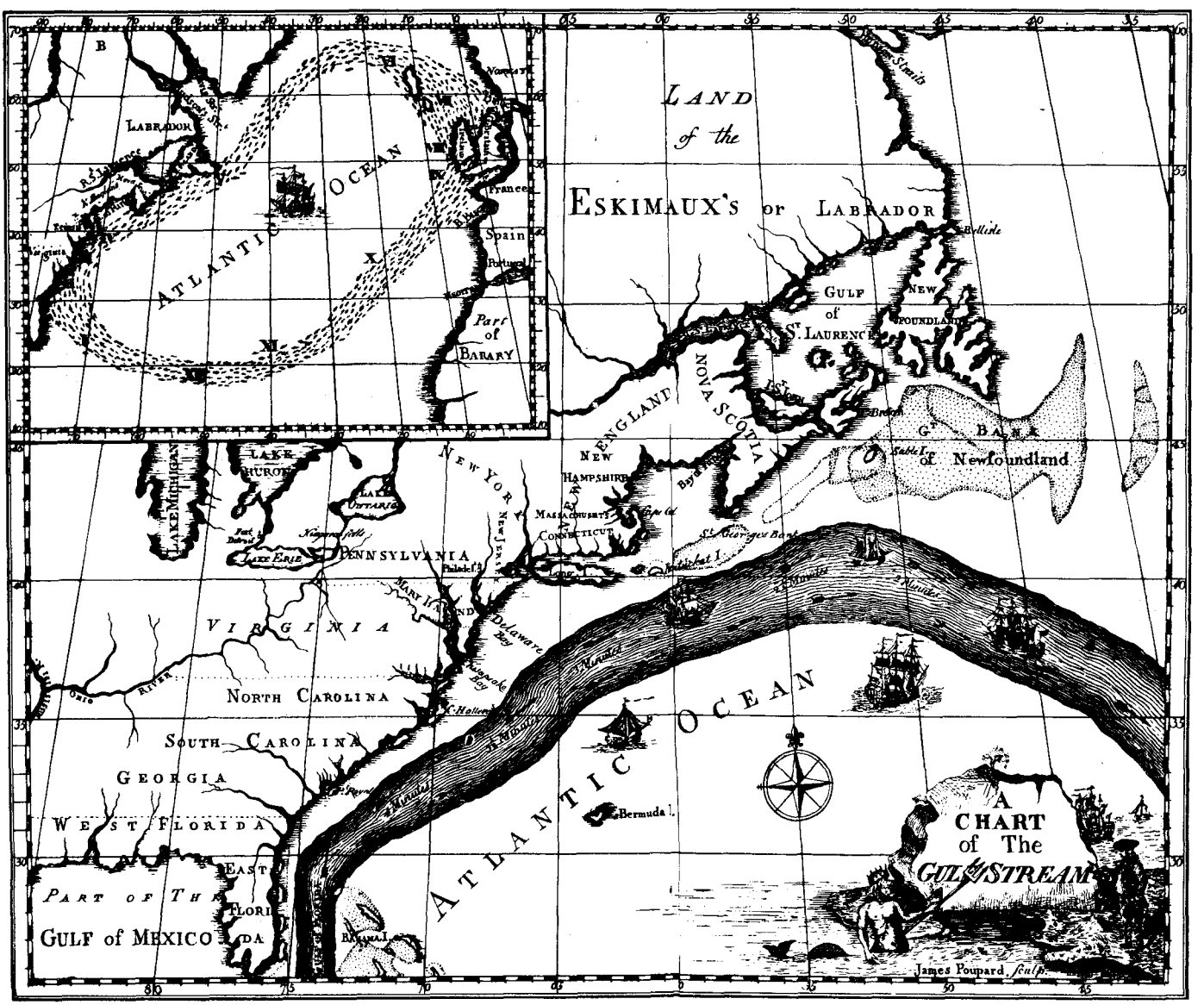
Austin H. Clark, a member of the staff of the Smithsonian Institution, is the author of "Animals of the Land and Sea" and "Animals Alive."

Early Plastic Surgery

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GASPARE TAGLIACOZZI. By Martha Teach Gnudi and Jerome Pierce Webster. New York: Herbert Reichner. 538 *pp.* $15.

By Ashley Montagu

IN A FIELD so richly blessed with distinguished biographies as the history of medicine it is a pleasure to welcome yet another. The present volume has been some twenty years in the making. It is the joint product of the labors of an Italian scholar, Dr. Martha Gnudi, and an American plastic surgeon, Dr. Jerome Webster. Gaspare Tagliacozzi (1545-1599) was professor of anatomy and surgery at the University of Bologna during the last quarter of the sixteenth century. In the year 1597 the first book on plastic surgery ever written was published under his name. Hence Dr. Webster's interest in Tagliacozzi. Fallen into a deep obscurity, Tagliacozzi is now re-



—*End paper from "The Sea Around Us."*

Benjamin Franklin's Map of the Gulf Stream.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned to the place in the history of surgery which he will hereafter continue to occupy, thanks to the labors of our two authors and to his own sterling merits, namely, as the great organizer and perfecter of the art of plastic surgery.

In the purely biographical portions of the book a number of original contributions are made toward a better understanding of the learned world of sixteenth-century Bologna. The variety of arrangements for taking degrees and the changes involved are most interestingly discussed, as is the manner in which anatomies were conducted. In this connection it is a devastating blow to learn from these pages that the beautiful anatomical theatre at Bologna, one of the glories of seventeenth-century architecture, wood carving, and sculpture, was destroyed by bombing during the last war.

The general belief that plastic surgery originated or largely developed during the First World War is dispelled by this survey of its history. Plastic surgery by skin grafts was practised in India as long ago as the sixth century B.C. and was not rediscovered in India by the Western world till the late eighteenth century. Tagliacozzi was preceded in Italy by several remarkably successful plastic surgeons, such as the Brancas, father and son, of fifteenth-century Sicily and the Vianeos of Calabria of the sixteenth century, and the great Aranzio, Tagliacozzi's own teacher at Bologna; from whom the latter undoubtedly learned the art. Aranzio has never been given the credit which has for so long been his due, namely, as the introducer of plastic surgery in medical school teaching. But then, as President Lowell once remarked, you can't expect to do a thing and get the credit for it too.

Following a valuable account of all that is known of Tagliacozzi's activities as physician and surgeon the authors proceed to give an account of his work as a plastic surgeon and an analysis of his treatise on the subject, "De Curtorum Chirurgia per insitionem," published in 1597. Abstracts of the two parts of the work are given in English, and all Tagliacozzi's original ilustrations are reprinted. The book is fully illustrated with portraits, photographs of sculptures and inscriptions, and letters relating to Tagliacozzi. Indeed, the whole work has been beautifully produced. The initial letters by Ivan Summers are charming, and the whole work, printed in Italy, offers yet another opportunity to comment on the pride which the European printer takes in his work. The halftones are as beautiful as halftones should never fail to be and not the miserable aggregation of pockmarks which the American printer is so often content to produce.

Ashley Montagu, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University, is the author of "Statement on Race".

People, Sunlight & Bananas

THE TROPICS: World of Tomorrow. By Charles Morrow Wilson. New York: Harper & Bros. 275 pp. $3.50.

By Tom Gill

RICH years of experience, much thought, and an abiding faith go to make up Charles Morrow Wilson's latest work. Since history's beginnings the tropics of the world have been the rich prizes of conquest and predatory exploration. Tomorrow, in the jockeying for position and power between the USA and the Soviet Union, it is almost inevitable that the tropics will play a ponderable role, for here are the last frontiers of abundance and fertility and here, too, is a great share of the world's people.

But the day of subservient tropical colonies is forever done, and the men of manifest destiny who dictate policy among the world's powers must face the fact that they have to deal now with a new tropics, where medicine, airplanes, modern techniques, and, most of all, what Heinrich Heine called "the liberation war of humanity" have completely changed the old picture. Yet perhaps not completely. What has not changed is the quality for which Charles Morrow Wilson has coined the compelling term "sun-power"—that great fertility principle which sets the tropics apart from all other of earth's regions. Sun-power is the theme of this book—and all that it involves in creating the riotous growth, the exuberance of living that make this broad earth-encircling band unique.

Wilson's book itself is unique. So far as I know, it is the only book dedicated to the simple but tremendously important task of presenting a three-dimensional picture of the world's tropics, with all of their opportunities, hazards, obstacles, and drawbacks, past failures, past successes, and future possibilities. "The tropics," Wilson tells us, "are made up of people and sunlight, of earth, air, and water, of rapid growth and great fertility, of great history-featuring pasts which overlap futures of memorable trends and causes. Here, in its most creative form, is the sun-power of the world."

The enormous fertility and growing power of the tropics and its barely scratched possibilities for tropical agriculture run through the book like a theme, and the author grows enthusiastic—probably too enthusiastic—over the abundant room for growth of populations there. But here one must not forget the more sober judgment of those students of tropical-land use who have seen how this lavish fertility of soil can under improper management be rapidly drained away and how throughout once populous areas of the tropics deforestation and soil exhaustion have made life impossible except for the scorpion and the lizard.

The book takes on warmth and color

Charles Morrow Wilson—"abiding faith."

with tales of tropical tramps, banana chasers, and all those picturesque explorers, adventurers, and soldiers of fortune who, like the author himself, have fallen in love with the tropics and tried to make them understandable. One of the ponderable values of the book lies in an excellent and up-to-date bibliography.

This is a thoroughly workmanlike appraisal of what the tropics offer and a clear and timely picture of one of the most little-understood and misunderstood regions of the world. Today the book's message is especially needed, for the American nation has been singularly inept in dealing with the people of the tropics and in realizing their possibilities. While our Government is making friendly but fumbling gestures toward those rich regions to the south our policy makers, diplomats, businessmen, and molders of the Point Four program might through a thoughtful perusal of this book's pages save many mistakes, some heartbreak, and very possible failure.

Tom Gill, forester and secretary of the Forestry Foundation, is the author of "Tropical Deserts of the Caribbean," "Forests and Mankind," and a number of widely read adventure tales.

Science Notes

THE NEW PHYSICS. By Sir C. V. Raman. Philosophical Library. $3.75. When an American scientist takes the trouble to popularize technical discoveries he stands a good chance of losing face among his fellow workers. They may recognize that the effort was well received and fulfilled its purpose. But in the privacy of their laboratories they will probably wonder why the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

author devoted time to popular presentation when he could have been doing basic research. Such indirect disapproval is less common abroad, and foreign scientists have long considered the job of explaining research to the layman as part of their professional activities.

"The New Physics" represents another excellent example of this tradition in action. Sir Chandrashekhar Raman, professor of physics at the University of Calcutta and winner of a Nobel Prize in 1930, is one of India's most distinguished scientists. His book consists of nineteen essays originally prepared as a series of radio talks and presents a good deal of elementary material in a charmingly informative style. An essay on geometry in nature describes the tendency of atoms to arrange themselves in spatial patterns such as the octahedral crystals of diamond, the hexagonal columns of quartz, and the cubes of rock-salt. "It is astonishing but very satisfactory that the thirty-two different crystal classes and the 230 different types of internal grouping of particles indicated to be possible by pure geometrical reasoning are precisely the numbers . . . which have been found by experimental study to exist in solids."

Professor Raman's passion for science, "the highest form of creative art," is evident throughout the book. His discussions of stars, cosmic rays, weather, and soil combine the intense enthusiasm of the nature-lover with the analytical insight of the physicist. Unfortunately, this short and brilliant book is outrageously priced beyond the budgets of the people who would enjoy it most.

SCIENCE: Its Method and Its Philosophy. By G. Burniston Brown. Norton. $3.50. New Scientific findings are probably more widely publicized in the United States than in any other country. The interested reader can turn to newspapers, magazines, and books for clearly presented information on recent developments in active fields of research (only radio and television have lagged in covering science). But the most significant thing about science—the attitude behind individual laboratory advances—has not been popularized. This lack accounts for a good many misconceptions about the nature and aims of science—and for the fact that best-seller lists often include works of pseudoscience.

"Science: Its Method and Its Philosophy" is a first-rate exposition of the sort of thinking that goes into basic research. G. Burniston Brown, a physicist at the University of London, has organized and written this book with the layman in mind. His first chapter describes instinct, habit, and intelligence in animals and traces the first signs of "scientific" curiosity at the upper end of the evolutionary scale. Chapter two deals with fundamentals,

(*Continued on Page* 28)

Fiction. *The five books reviewed this week range from the story of an old-time family circus to a Missouri preacher, a small girl, the development of the West after the Civil War, and the founding of the State of Israel. In their various ways all are worth reading. Edward Bass's "Umberto's Circus" was first published in the author's newspaper in Czechoslovakia; it has some wonderful and amusing characters. "The High Calling" is the last of James Street's well-known novels of a small-town preacher endowed with kindliness and practical idealism. David Garth's melodramatic and graphic "Fire on the Wind" is about the building of a railroad in the Lake Superior country in* 1865. *The escapades of the eight-year-old child in Sylvia Dee's "There Was a Little Girl" are always amusing, and Zelda Popkin's "Quiet Street" of unquiet Israel twelve years ago is written with warmth and compassion.*

Child's-eye View

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL. By Sylvia Dee. New York: The Macmillan Company. 246 *pp.* $2.75.

By Sara Henderson Hay

THIS little girl, though often bad, is never horrid. She is, in fact, a cheerful, valiant, self-reliant little creature, maintaining her balance in an environment which many a child psychologist might predict could lead to a deep-rooted sense of insecurity. This does not imply that Sylvia Dee is giving us here a subjective analysis of an eight-year-old's emotions and reactions. The narrator is Susan herself, and the author has accomplished the difficult feat of remaining in character while making perfectly clear to the reader the events and circumstances of the adult background of the story. "There Was a Little Girl" is a witty and humorous book, but I sometimes found myself laughing with tears in my eyes. Behind the comedy, behind the delightful, ingenuous fun and the ridiculous situations is a poignant little history of a family relationship, and of the struggle and sacrifice and indomitable optimism which go with maintaining a self-styled genius in the house.

Susan was eight when Mama married Mr. Dick, whose name, she declared, would live in lights long after Grandma (who rather doubted this) and even little Susan had gone to their graves. Grandma, the irrepressible major-domo, frequently remarked that Mr. Dick was actually driving her to her grave or to the Old Ladies Home, but Mama geared the household and all its activities toward one supreme purpose—Mr. Dick's career as a violinist and his debut at Carnegie Hall, which event was to put them all on Easy Street. First, though, after the debut they were going on a world tour, with Grandma stopping off in Ireland on the way and being picked up on the way back. For this they scrimped and borrowed, for this they moved from shabby neighborhood to shabbier, eventually to one room for the six of them (including baby Joseph and Stradivarius, a kind of English Sheep Dog). Mama supported the family, Grandma fed them on creamed potatoes and butterscotch custard, a diet she considered contained all necessary nutriment, Mr. Dick supported only his Art, his nerves, his health, and his temperament.

Essentially it would seem to be a tragic little story (since Mr. Dick's debut was an uncompromising failure) except that it is not written on the plane of tragedy. Such frustrations are not tragic to a child. This is merely the subtle undercurrent of the book, sensed by the reader through Susan's matter-of-fact acceptance of circumstance. Susan herself has a great talent for enjoying life and for making the most of any situation. It is a funny book, because those situations are so often funny and because Susan is a natural, bright, funny little girl. The author does not patronize Susan by making her a self-conscious comedienne; it is one of the facets of Miss Dee's talent that she can let us see Susan's escapades and find them funny without violating the child's-eye view of the narrator. Never coy, never with the irritating archness of some novels in which children play the principal roles, this is a genuinely enjoyable book. And it is charmingly illustrated with line drawings by James Alexander.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birth of a Country

QUIET STREET. By Zelda Popkin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 382 pp. $3.50.

By CHARLES ANGOFF

WHEN on May 14, 1948, David Ben-Gurion announced to the world the establishment of the State of Israel the latest and certainly the most romantic miracle in political history had become hard, tangible, visible, incontrovertible fact for all to behold. Nothing remotely like it had ever happened before. No other cultural-religious entity after nearly two thousand years of almost incredible persecution including the murder of 6,000,000—nearly half—of its adherents had ever before been revived. World opinion, as expressed through the United Nations, voted the new state into existence and wished it well, but it must not be forgotten that that same opinion had been molded, instructed, and nourished across many difficult years by a group of Jewish idealists who for long had been laughed at not only by "outsiders" but by large elements of their own people.

This grand theme calls for art of the highest order. Perhaps the present generation is too close to it to be able to view it under the aspect of the immemorial values; certainly three years after the event is too soon to expect anything of major importance commemorating the event—in music, in the drama, in poetry, in prose fiction. Zelda Popkin, no doubt, would be the last to make extravagant claims for her novel about the heroism of the refugees and the *sabras* (native Israelites) in the bloody days before May 14, 1948, and for many months afterward. "Quiet Street" is more feature-story journalism than tender, penetrating, imaginative fiction.

But Mrs. Popkin has managed to transmit to the reader much of the devotion, courage, agony, and glory of the early days of Israel. Two of the leading characters, Edith Hirsch and her physician husband, Dr. Jacob Hirsch, both coming from Boston, will be remembered for the nobility with which they make their sacrifices—including a daughter, Dinah, who is killed in line of duty in a Negev army camp. Dinah herself is portrayed with considerable understanding, as is her American friend, Al Brody, who volunteers his services to the Israeli air force. Some of the battle scenes and hospital scenes, while crude and overdone here and there, are quite moving. But the English soldiers and civil servants are little more than cardboard characters, and the use made of contemporary events is far from skilful.

The over-all impression of "Quiet Street," however, is pleasant. Mrs. Popkin displays few of the qualities of the gifted novelist, but she writes from knowledge and with warmth, love, and compassion.

Sylvia Dee—"laughing with tears."

Zelda Popkin—"with compassion."

Eduard Bass—"Comic Spirit."

Literary Tightrope

UMBERTO'S CIRCUS. By Eduard Bass. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 340 pp. $3.

By THOMAS W. DUNCAN

WHEN I was a boy in Iowa Orton Brothers Circus had its winter quarters not many miles from my home. It was the proud possessor of one elephant, two or three jungle cats, a half dozen monkeys, and multitudinous performing dogs and ponies. Its ring horses and high-school horses were superb. Grandmother Orton used to sell tickets, but just before the performance she would slip away to a dressing tent, fill her wrinkles with ground-tone, step into tights and a tarlatan skirt, and ornament her hair with a tiara of not priceless gems. Presently she would skip into the ring, leap gracefully to the back of a white horse, and do a riding turn. Her husband, Miles Orton, was equestrian director, and children and children-in-law and grandchildren were all acrobats, clowns, musicians, and tent hands. The show traveled by wagon; and, when it returned to its farm in the fall, if the season had been successful Miles Orton would dress up in a plug hat and a Prince Albert coat and go to Adel on a Saturday afternoon, where he would walk like a duke among the farmers, swinging a gold-headed cane.

In America these one-ring family shows are gone with the mustache cup. On the Continent they still flourish, or did before the war. Such a show Eduard Bass writes about. His novel opens in 1862 in a Hamburg saloon, where Antonin Karas, a down-on-his-luck Czech, meets a fellow countryman who gets him a job with Umberto's Circus. Karas has a seven-year-old son, Vasek, who learns to be a contortionist, a rider, and an animal trainer. In the end Vasek marries Helen Berwitz, daughter of the circus owner.

This plot—simple almost to the point of simple-mindedness—demanded a writer of considerable skill in the telling. Eduard Bass measured up. This was a first and only novel, and architecturally it has one egregious fault: a time jump of fifteen years between Parts II and III. For this the reader is quite unprepared; one feels that Bass was through with his story at the end of Part II, or tired of it, and that he appended Part III in haste. One feels also that he was rather bored by Vasek, technically his central character. Vasek did not bore me so much as annoy me; during three-fourths of the book he is an egocentric little monster and in Part III he does not breathe. Helen, his bride, never breathes.

But the novel rises triumphantly above these faults. Bass had the gift of narrative and the gift of poetry; and he had, too, a Continental wisdom about the way things are, which comes through the lines not in cynicism but in comedy. One feels that Meredith's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comic Spirit peeked over his shoulder while he wrote. But most rewarding of all is the frieze of minor characters bordering his narrative. They are delicious. Peter Berwitz, the pompous owner; old Malina, who has been with the show since it traveled in only a couple of wagons and who reels off interminable stories full of non sequiturs and tangents; Leopold Selnicki, the band conductor, whose "whole expression reminded you of a good-natured St. Bernard," who breakfasted on Pilsen, lunched on rum and Austrian wine, and dined on vermouth and champagne—these characters not only breathe, they eat and drink, especially drink.

For the circus devotee the narrative is deftly interlarded with a great deal of esoteric information about horse training, contortionists, the high trapeze, and elephants. Bass knew the circus. And indubitably he was quite a literary tightrope walker himself—to write and publish so good a novel in his Czechoslovakian newspaper in 1940, when a dubiously shaded phrase would have landed him in a Nazi concentration camp. Probably he wrote it as escape and entertainment for himself; we can read it for escape and enchantment.

Thomas W. Duncan is the author of "Gus the Great," a novel of American circus life.

A Very Present Help

THE HIGH CALLING. By James Street. New York: Doubleday & Co. 308 pp. $3.

By Daniel A. Poling

THIS discriminating, eloquent, heart-stirring, challenging novel is, I think, the climax of James Street's preacher books. In it London Wingo returns to Linden, Missouri. He goes back to the town where he began life with Kathie, Kathie who stole the show in an earlier story and who is the immortal preacher's wife. Nor do you escape her anywhere in these pages, where she is a spirit rather than a presence. The aura of her remembered face and form adds sweetness and life.

Parents will find here practical help for their parenthood; I wish that I had met "Brother" Wingo a long generation ago. Kathie's sudden death made him at once a father and a mother of Paige, their child. She was like the proverbial "team of wild horses" but she gentled. She became her father's right arm, and, of course, when that arm moved over and encircled the inevitable man of her heart's choice London Wingo was left desolate.

The way in which this man understood people, including his own daughter, and brought them to the high places of his own practical idealism is a study in psychology—a rewarding experience for any serious mind. It is apparent that he didn't want Paige to smoke, but he was willing to light her cigarette until she made her own decision.

There were social practices in which he may not have indulged, but he didn't make those who did uncomfortable. He had a huge capacity for tenderness but he was hard as granite and there was fire in him that could come to a white heat. He could forgive without being offensive, and he saw possibilities in character before even the possibilities were in evidence. Perhaps the secret of Dr. London Wingo's strength is found in this text: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear . . ."

There are other unforgettable characters created by this fine and discriminating writer, such as the Reverend Harry Ward, who for too long a time confused real estate with preaching the Gospel but who had the Gospel in him and who was brought to himself by Wingo. Strangely elusive but never-to-be-forgotten is Cliff Carter, the gum-chewing mortician, deacon of the church, who loved his God with a simple, exquisite faith and who "lived in a house by the side of the road."

This Cliff reminds me of someone, but just whom? I met him first in an Oregon village where my father built his white church, preached to the people, and baptized. But I have been crossing his track ever since. The Cliff I knew never died and now in this man of the book he has another resurrection.

Finally, and just when you are afraid it won't happen, London Wingo again takes love into his arms. The long journey of this man from Kathie to Forrest becomes at last a march through an arch of triumph. Here is one of his paragraphs that is worthy of long life:

"His daughter [Paige] was a woman, that's all; the wife of a man like himself, as good, as evil. Nothing about her belonged to him any more, only memories that already were faint—a few tears and tantrums and laughter. Time had robbed him of Paige, but time was a strange thief, for in taking one thing it always gave another, and now there were his church and Forrest, and Benton and all the others."

By all the tests James Street writes nobly and scores heavily in "High Calling."

Dr. Daniel A. Poling is pastor of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia and the author of several religious novels and other religious works.

Stories at Evening

By Louise McNeill

MY GREAT great grandpa Pethro walked
The wild savannahs deep in grass;
He saw the herds of buffalo
File westward through the mountain pass.

Great grandpa William in his time
Remembered pigeons wild and gray
Whose thousand wings beat out the sun
The morning that they flew away.

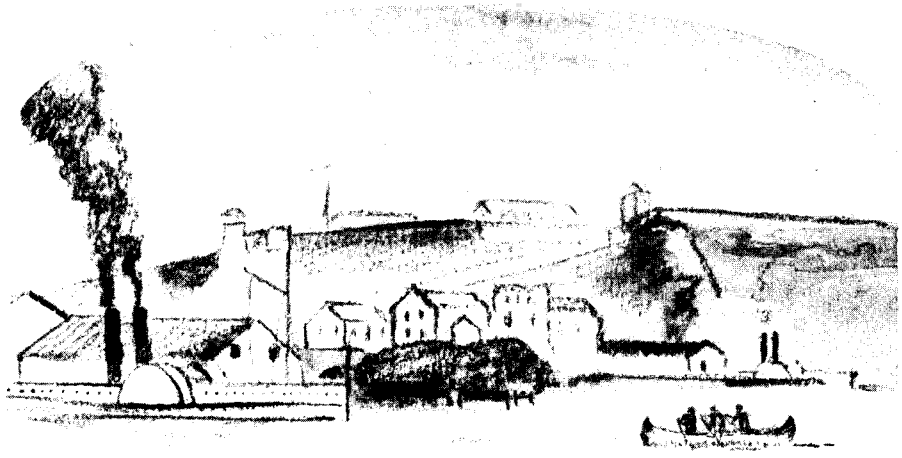
My grandpa Frederick could recall
The wild trout flashing in their school;
He set his stick of dynamite
And scooped a hundred from the pool.

My father, Douglas, saw the trees.
Across this bare, eroded land,
He saw the tulip tree and ash
The spruce and hemlock—virgin stand.

And I myself at morning saw
The chestnut on the ridge—its living green—
The blue-fringed gentian. "Listen, now, my son—

Stories at evening—wonders I have seen;
And, as we sit, look sharp and well remember—
Your son may hear the strangest tale of all:
How little rabbits hopped across our garden,
How *grass* grew by the wall,
And there, one night, when you were six or seven,
You heard a Bob White call."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From "Fire on the Wind."*

Old Fort at Mackinac Island.

Changing the Wilderness

FIRE ON THE WIND. By David Garth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 378 pp. $3.50.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN THE summer of 1865, with multitudes of men returning to the enterprises of peace, the United States was at the beginning of a dramatic period. In a few years Western towns grew into strident cities, railroads laced the prairies, ships churned up the rivers and over the Great Lakes, the woodsman's ax thudded in a thousand locations in the Northern pineries.

Captain Wayne Preston of the Union Army was aware of all the stir in his expanding country. He had been offered a man-sized job with General Dodge on the Union Pacific construction staff. But he had a love of the lonely places in his own North country. He also had a driving ambition; he was ready to take up the family dream of the "Northern Empire Route"—the building of a railroad through the iron and timber country of upper Michigan. Using a term that sounds unlikely from a man in 1865 he called the Lake Superior country the heartland of the continent. He had a vision of its development, its commerce, its destiny. Though a forest fire races through this novel, there is a stronger force at work: "You get a country building big and fast—that's the real fire on the wind."

So David Garth's subject is the building of the country in the eventful years 1865-70. With bold sweep this novel presents the Upper Mississippi River, the noisy streets of St. Paul, the cold white vastness of Lake Superior, the cliff-walled island of Mackinac, the deep woods of the Mishakawa above the shores of Green Bay, and a dozen mining and lumber towns in the raw North country.

As though the drama of the period were not enough Mr. Garth has filled his story with melodrama. It opens at a poker table on a steamboat, where iron-nerved Wayne Preston wins the pot along with the hatred of half-breed Brian O'Ferrall; and it ends with Preston clasping in his arms the beautiful Huron O'Ferrall after her brother's body has been found in the ashes of the fire-swept forest. Throughout the novel Wayne Preston contends with perils of man and nature, with the crafty O'Ferrall and cool Steve Bethune and headstrong beautiful Elise Cortenay, as well as with log jams, swift water, and forest fire. There is a sustained clash of ambitions, with greed on one side and on the other a farsighted vision of the North country's development. In Rufus Preston, the veteran surveyor who comes out from Connecticut to run section lines on the wilderness shores of Lake Superior, Mr. Garth has drawn a man in the likeness of the actual George Stuntz, first settler and founder of Duluth. The old Colonel O'Ferrall, Irish gentleman who had married an Indian princess, has a love for the wilderness and is reluctant to see it change. He is not quite so stagy a character as his smoldering son and his incandescent daughter.

In scores of passages this unflagging novel carries the feel of the upper Lakes country. And it pictures the country with vividness and variety—the bustling posts and the busy landings, the gloom of the woods and the gleam of the water. But for want of more authentic people than its costumed figures the novel leaves only a Technicolor impression, graphic and ephemeral.

Walter Havighurst is professor of English at Miami University in Ohio.

Fiction Notes

THE ROSE AND THE FLAME. By Jonreed Lauritzen. Doubleday. $3. This third novel by Mr. Lauritzen is of a piece with its predecessors in being full of colorful, poetic descriptions of landscapes he obviously knows to perfection in the Southwestern Indian country of desert and mountain. It tells the story of a journey from Santa Fe in the direction of Monterey, where the Duke of Toledo expected to take ship and snatch from the feeble hands of King Carlos the right to rule an empire.

It reads quickly and easily because of the violence and melodrama in it and will, one fears, be as quickly forgotten, in spite of the kind words that Sigrid Undset has spoken of Mr. Lauritzen's work. Its weakness lies in the fact that its characters are perfectly conventional: on the one hand El Tigre, the best man with a knife in all of Spain, *muy macho* in every respect, and on the other a black-hearted, bloodthirsty Royalist villain named Sandio, who naturally meets his fate in due time.

El Tigre, as the proper hero, gets not only one girl but two, the daughters of the Duke of Toledo. Catalina and Lucia are little more than females, Catalina readily seduced, if, indeed, she does not seduce herself, and Lucia only a little more complex. Lucia loses her mind at one point but recovers it under Indian shock treatment, which obviously operated on the same principle as insulin- and electric-shock treatment in modern psychotherapy and perhaps more effectively.

Readable novels may be produced by the simple formula used by Mr. Lauritzen, but they do not fulfill Goethe's definition of good fiction, which must, said the Sage of Weimar, be based upon an "unheard-of event." Mr. Lauritzen's "event" is the most thoroughly and frequently heard-of in the novel and the short story, the way of a man with a maid—or shall we, in the interests of realism, say vice versa?

—HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

THE ISLAND IN TIME. By Ernst Pawel. Doubleday. $3. Ernst Pawel, born and raised in Germany, entered this country in 1938 and during the war did Intelligence work. The present novel, his first, is no doubt based on first-hand impressions collected in the immediate postwar months overseas. It is a competent piece of fiction, though burdened quite heavily with reflections of no particular originality or depth.

The scene of the book is a camp for Jewish D.P.s in Southern Italy. Palestine has not become Israel yet; and the tension of the prospective immigrants waiting to get to their new homeland sharpens old conflicts and breeds new ones. On top of "national" and *Weltan-*

(*Continued on page* 30)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1951, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Democracy's Ally

IN no large country in the world is there a system of public libraries comparable to that in the United States or as large a sum of money, amounting to more than a hundred million a year, spent on maintaining it. The Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the American Library Association brings to the attention of everyone not only its past achievements and its importance to the people of this country but also the fact that it is not developing fast enough to meet modern conditions, that the salaries paid to librarians are still inadequate, that there are not enough libraries in the smaller communities, and that there is not sufficient cooperation between state, county, big city, and small-town institutions. Instead of congratulating themselves on what has been recently accomplished, the librarians of the country are forced to recognize that they must find more money and use more ingenuity than ever before in inventing new techniques to educate and serve the public.

Last year two books were published by the Columbia University Press of the greatest importance to those who are plotting the course of the American library amidst the new dangers that are threatening it: "A Forum on the Public Library Inquiry," by Lester Asheim, and "The Public Library in the United States," by Robert D. Leigh, a general report on the same subject. The Public Library Inquiry was certainly the best thing that has happened to the professional librarian for many years. At the suggestion of the ALA the Social Science Research Council was asked to make a thorough and comprehensive study to define the libraries' potential and actual contribution to American society. The Council was given $200,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. The study was directed by a social scientist with the cooperation of a group of experts "within and outside the field of professional librarianship." When its reports were published and later summarized in book form the individual librarian could at last see the forest despite the trees. The Inquiry is still the source of continuing discussions and still more reports.

Obviously, the public library has many vital functions today. It must first serve its hereditary purpose—in Mr. Leigh's words, "the conservation and organization of the world's resources of recorded thought and fact so as to make them available for present and future users . . . it must be the symbol as well as the servant of culture." It must be a center of reliable information, and it must give children and adults an opportunity to educate themselves, either culturally or for useful occupations and diverse interests. It must be an ally of democracy and the community, and it must offer entertainment for everyone's leisure time and a knowledge of the crucial problems of the day. The library may also offer various materials of communication aside from books—radio, television, phonograph, educational and factual motion pictures.

All of these major functions are on the surface reasonable and admirable. But in these days there is a catch in any statement of ideas or principles. If the library is to foster democracy should it permit the public to study Marx and Engels or the latest book by an author declared by a Senatorial Committee to be a Communist?

In Luther Evans's article in this issue of *The Saturday Review* there is an ardent defense of the library as a liberal institution which would permit anyone to read anything in print with the exception of openly pornographic books. But all librarians are not united on this ground, and there are not a few who would keep the four-letter words in James Jones's "From Here to Eternity" out of circulation by hiding it under the shelf. Then another problem arises: should the progressive and liberal librarian exercise an influence on what people think about, "make it difficult for anyone within its span of influence to remain ignorant or apathetic about the great public issues of our time"? That these intramural conflicts will be resolved in favor of the liberal majority seems to be certain; nevertheless, there are cities and whole states where it is necessary to be careful lest conservative municipal and state legislators should create a minor scandal and cut down appropriations. The library as a servant of the community cannot ride roughshod over its prejudices.

MEANS must be found for a wider distribution of books directly into homes; like the daily newspaper, they should be delivered on the doorstep. The library now must compete for the attention of the public with all the means of mass communication if, to use a phrase of Mr. Evans, "the word is to be saved." When television enters the living-room there is a decline of 30 per cent in reading during the first six months of ownership. A single radio program may take up the time of 30,000,000 people. Newspaper sales over a period of five days surpass the total sales of all trade books for an entire year. However, the newspaper is swept into the trash basket the next morning or lights the nation's fires, and radio and television offer instantaneous impressions, while the book endures in the library or is passed on from hand to hand.

It is possible that publishers and librarians betray too great a fear of these instruments of mass communication. There is an ever-increasing amount of leisure for the old and the

Out-Patient

Leslie Nelson Jennings

UNDER the surgeon's probing stethoscope
The faint, vestigial flutter grows more strong,
And in that moment of reviving hope
Is heard the answer waited for so long.
Many come back, as others will again,
From half-way houses such as these to find
Remission from the servitude of pain,
The case-book closed, self-pity left behind.

Easy to say how bravely they endured,
How stoically underwent the knife,
Walked out at last into the sunlight, cured
Of all but the old malady called life,
Where only one Physician can advise —
His fee, two pennies laid upon the eyes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young, and there are larger percentages of our people leaving high schools for colleges where at least they are subjected to the influences, practical and cultural, of books of all kinds. Literature and the habit of reading will not end in this or the next century; but the public library and its custodians must enlarge their functions to include their growing responsibilities for every means of educating our people to understand and to meet whatever the future may bring.

—H. S.

Work in Progress

READERS may be able to assist the following, who are looking for material pertaining to their areas of investigation:

FOR a book on Benedict Arnold, James T. Flexner, 538 E. 83, New York 28, wishes to hear from possessors of original mss. or pictorial material on Arnold, his wife, Peggy Shippen, and John André. . . . Milton A. Caine and Ed Jablonski, 55 W. 73, New York 23, are collaborating on a definitive biography of George and Ira Gershwin, wish to hear from anyone who knew the Gershwins and has letters.

With sketches ranging from Franklin D. Roosevelt to Lou Brissie, Otis Moore, Long Eddy, N. Y., is compiling an anthology "They Would Not Take Defeat" and wishes suggestions for other samples of courage that should not be omitted. . . . Edith Roelker Curtis, 81 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass., writing a day-to-day account of the Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education, 1841-47, would like to hear from anyone possessing unpublished letters or diaries on the subject. . . . A biography of the late Otto H. Kahn is being prepared by Victor Rosen, 405 W. 23, New York 11, who desires to hear from readers having letters, mss., anecdotes. . . . Henry Anderson, Dept. of Sociology, University of Hawaii, Honolulu, T. H., is doing his master's thesis on the United World Federalists and would appreciate informal accounts of UWF's background, ideological development, etc., from participants.

Mrs. Helen Woodward, Hotel Marlton, 5 W. 8, New York 11, is collecting the letters of the late William Woodward for publication and will be grateful to receive any correspondence others have of his. . . . At work on a pictorial ms. on the life and work of David Belasco, Craig Timberlake, 250 W. 82, New York 24, asks for any "Belascoisms" *SRL* readers may have tucked away in scrapbooks or their memories and is also looking for unusual photographs of Belasco, his stars, productions, or related subjects reflecting the character of the period.

Book Marks

TIME was, and not too long since, when a chapter of a novel was a comfortable reading unit, tailored roughly to the Aristotelian unities and nicely adjusted to the customer's leisure half-hour and to the calipers of his easy comprehension. Nowadays, however, a chapter may be half a page or 247 pages long, depending on—well, it is frequently hard to tell just what *is* depended on if anything. We would be the last to suggest that every chapter in every novel consist of twenty-nine pages, no less, no more, but we do think the old-timers were more considerate of the ultimate consumer.

* * *

An eighty-five-year-old man recently jumped to his death into the Hudson River off the Bear Mountain Bridge (his last glimpse of earth was a lovely one). In order to reach the rail he stood on three books, according to press accounts, which maddeningly omitted identifications. While we were fumbling for appropriate titles we mentioned the problem to Faith Cross of Fire Island, New York, who immediately supplied one perfect entry: "From Here to Eternity."

* * *

How many pages made an *ff*? How omnipresent is *passim*?

* * *

Do you deplore the ordering of books by the yard to fill space? You shouldn't. It gets books circulated; it probably even gets books read. And some of our best people have done it. Moving into his swanky new home in Devonshire Terrace at the end of 1839 Charles Dickens wrote his man Friday, John Forster: "Kate wants to know whether you have any books to send her, so please to shoot here any literary rubbish on hand." Preparing to set her house in order, Kate Dickens wasn't looking for diversion. She wanted shelfage.

* * *

Jacketisms we could easily do without include "taut writing" and "a fine new talent."

* * *

The main reason why the footnote is regarded as a poor relation and is usually forced to eat in the kitchen at the end of the text (which makes it not a footnote but a backnote) is the fact that in most cases it is deadly uninteresting—a mere credit citation, something of purely supporting value, a side issue, a half-relevancy. There is no reason in the world outside of author-editor-publisher conventionalism (and just try to break *that* down) why the footnote cannot be as interesting as the main text. For footnotes of high entertainment content see two such dissimilar works as Marchette Chute's "Geoffrey Chaucer of England" and Louis C. Hunter's "Steamboats on the Western Rivers."

* * *

Competent character identification in a novel has not been effected when the reader has to turn back from page 78 to page 19 to find out who somebody is.

* * *

For an area of learning without which every other area of learning would be sold for taxes, there is only bibliography. There are bibliographies of German works relating to America, astrolabes, cecidology, automata, the Benedictine order, wortcunning, the autobiographies of antiquity, Congregationalism, calendars, alchemy, fireworks, education of the deaf, earthquakes, gypsies, college-library administration, microscopy, Arabian music, apothecary jars, suicides. You name it—the bibliographers have it. We picked this particular list out of a catalogue recently issued by Herbert Reichner of New York. A book catalogue is one of the few places, by the way, in which a bibliographer can be sure of getting credit for his work.

* * *

We are continually disturbed, though not to excessive depth, by radio offers of "a year's supply" of this or that commodity. Who knows how much of a given product—razor blades, canned asparagus, writing paper, vermouth, sash-weights, handkerchiefs, roofing—an individual is likely to consume in a specified period? What, for instance, would a year's supply of books be?

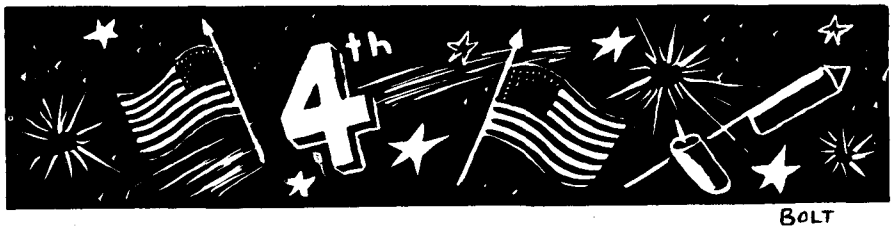
* * *

The involvements of devaluation have not eased the lot of the American reader of English novels, who automatically (or, more likely, with much frontal corrugation) translates foreign funds into dollars as he goes along. Nevil Shute's pound isn't Anthony Trollope's.

* * *

How did the needle *get* in the haystack?

—J.T.W.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Perkins and Wolfe

SIR: Struthers Burt ["Catalyst for Genius: Maxwell Perkins: 1884-1947," *SRL* June 9] says: "There is no doubt that Thomas Wolfe was touched with genius . . . but there are other men and women touched with genius who are also aware of discipline and form and the right of those around them to live . . . in my opinion, the collaborator of 'Look Homeward, Angel' and 'Of Time and the River,' Maxwell Evarts Perkins, was a greater genius than the author." And then, the most fantastic statement of all: "There is not the slightest question in the minds of the few who knew Maxwell Perkins intimately that the Tom Wolfe episode killed him. Exactly from the date of Tom's betrayal he began to die." (His death occurred June 17, 1947, nine stout years after Wolfe's, which occurred September 15, 1938, only a year after the Perkins-Scribner betrayal.)

Wolfe explains his break with his first editor and publisher rather fully in "You Can't Go Home Again," and it was a necessary one from Wolfe's standpoint if he were to continue to grow as a man and an author. Perkins was to him a symbol of Ecclesiastes the Fatalist, wise, entrenched, doomed, even as Esther Jack and her glamorous theatrical world were a symbol of brilliance and corruption. There comes a time in the life of a great man, be he Jesus, Paul, Galileo, Rabelais, Shelley, Tolstoy, Gaugin, Gandhi, Tom Paine, Wendell Willkie, or Tom Wolfe, when a definite break with the past must be made if he is to keep peace with his conscience and motivate the future with a passionate faith.

It is my opinion that Tom Wolfe was too big for his generation, not alone in physical size, but in mind and spirit as well. Maxwell Perkins had character and integrity as these apply to limited, traditional perspectives; Wolfe's character and integrity developed to encompass the free, unborn world. His loyalty was to life.

The man of genius is rare in this world. The man of genius who is also a poet and a democratic human being is even rarer. I should think he would be too precious—nay, invaluable—to be betrayed by men of lesser talent, be they critics, editors, or fellow authors.

JAMES STOKELY.

Newport, Tenn.

SIR: I never met Maxwell Perkins in the flesh, but after reading Struthers Burt's appreciation I feel as if I had known him intimately. Of all biographical sketches of men I never knew face to face Burt's is the warmest, the most personal without being fulsome, the sincerest, the most revealing and understanding.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

Beleagured College Faculties

SIR: Millard C. Faught in "Our Colleges Are Losing Their Minds" [*SRL* June 23] presents a problem and offers a solution. The ultimate decimation of college faculties in a "cold war" economy is the problem. His solution includes an arrangement between business leaders and educators for holding together those fine teacher teams which take so long to train and assemble. Cooperative employment for faculty members is his answer. Mr. Faught properly gives credit to Dr. Douglas McGregor of Antioch College for this idea.

Practical solutions to social problems are so rare that this one deserves encouragement. Unless we are willing to add large numbers of college professors to our casualty lists we must recognize Mr. Faught's contention that the disintegration of college faculties would prove "one of the greatest wastes of 'natural resources' to result from the defense effort." Having recognized the direful long-term possibilities implicit in that statement, we must do everything within our power to prevent its occurring.

Cooperative employment of college students has worked well. A similar arrangement for college teachers would not only make it possible to keep together the nation's brain-teams; it would also enrich the background of the teachers themselves. In an age of specialization there is a dangerous tendency for professional groups to live in intellectual ghettos. The accountant who spends his leisure time exploring the logic of Aristotle or thrilling to the majestic poetry of Milton is a better balanced person than his colleague who neglects the humanities as "impractical." Likewise the professor of philosophy who rubs shoulders with steelworkers and shipping clerks is a better adjusted personality than the monastic cell-mates of classic halls who long since have forgotten (and ceased to care) what the world and its people are like.

The cooperative work-study-teaching plan would not only preserve intact our laboriously built college faculties. It would also help to bridge the chasm of misunderstanding between work-a-day folks and scholars. It would integrate the business of living with the business of education. The new frontier is human relations. Educated practitioners and practical educators are needed to make the crossing successfully.

EDWARD H. DARE.

Noroton, Conn.

SIR: Millard C. Faught's article on the impending decimation of college faculties is excellent as an *ex parte* argument, but it omits consideration of the bright side.

Here is a wonderful opportunity for American colleges to get rid of dead wood. The bloating of student bodies due to the sudden influx of returned soldiers under the G.I. Bill of Rights forced a huge and hasty enlargement of faculties. It resulted in drawing into faculties any number of persons who were called of God to be plumbers or blacksmiths. If the emergency results in sending these back to trades which they can ornament both they and the teaching profession will be the better for it.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.

"After the Lost Generation"

SIR: I like Harrison Smith's editorial "Who Are These People?" [*SRL* June 9] and its discussion of John W. Ald-

"I'm afraid I was somewhat misled by the title . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ridge's "After the Lost Generation." May I suggest, however, that a more forceful commentary on the situation suggested in the Aldridge book may be found in the same issue in the article about the 1950 Anisfield-Wolf awards, especially in the discussion there of John Hersey's "The Wall," for which one of the awards was given.

While John Hersey may not be exactly what Mr. Aldridge calls a postwar novelist, I believe all of his novels appeared during and after the war and all are concerned with problems or situations directly connected with the conflict. My point is that words like "emptiness," "meaningless," "nothingness," "futility," and "absence of values" simply do not apply to "The Wall" or, indeed, to any of John Hersey's work. While he in no sense shuts his eyes to the horrible aspects of war, he still does manage to find positive values. I mention Hersey as outstanding in this respect, but he is not the only writer who has been able to look beyond the muck and mire of yesterday and today. And, as for there being an absence of values in the postwar world, I can think of many a young man who has come back from war and has taken his place in the postwar world, assumed the role of husband and father, and shown every evidence of becoming a mature and useful citizen. The evidence of positive values is all about us.

It would seem that Mr. Aldridge, in picking a group of writers for discussion, has sought only those who fit the "absence of values" frame. Is it not likely that a novel like "The Wall" and quite a few others that could be mentioned will be remembered and read long after these more sensational, but shallower, books have been forgotten?

If we are to have a review of a "generation" let us wait a little and get some perspective.

SSOR REDEV YESREH.

Providence, L. I.

Browsing Discouraged

SIR: The book business is presently manifesting much concern over selling its wares. Therein the key to the issue lies. Book stores are doing too much "selling." It has become so that the average person is afraid to enter any bookselling establishment without three dollars in his hand and the name of a currently advertised favorite on his lips. Browsing is an outlawed pastime as far as most booksellers are concerned.

You enter a book shop. You just feel like looking around. Maybe you don't have the money to purchase what you want. Maybe all you want is to glance over the jackets and read a chapter heading here and there. This is seldom possible nowadays, because salespeople are to eager to sell. They assault you with various volumes and appear not just disappointed but downright angry if you don't buy the proffered wares.

If browsing among books becomes a lost art the booksellers will be largely responsible. They will also be responsible for having lost for themselves some sincere customers.

HELEN WASHER.

Chicago, Ill.

IT IS GOOD to see Geoffrey Tillotson's "On the Poetry of Pope" back in print (Oxford, $2.50). This small volume, first published in 1938, gives its readers close, penetrating, exciting studies of Pope's poetic theory and practice, which were steadily governed by his ideas and ideals of "correctness." His methods of design, his diction and its sources, his versification with its subtlety and infinite variety, and the linguistic principles that he followed in his translations of Homer are all subjected to the most intelligent and most profitable scrutiny. Every critical conclusion is based on relevant texts and is supported by adequate quotation.

Mr. Tillotson demonstrates that Pope's eye for nature is keener and more affectionate than is generally supposed; that his diction is freer than many critics have realized; that he achieves extraordinary and unpredictable variety within the strict confines of his couplets; that his heavily freighted concision—his "almost surreptitious conciseness"—is unique in English poetry; that he "writes on the assumption that his readers will find it exciting to discover layer below layer"; that his verses are alive with literary echoes, paraphrases, and allusions and are designed for readers capable of recognizing these; that "he is seldom doing one thing at a time"; that his technical control in his tenderest poems is sure evidence of moral control; that his metrical "responsibility" to his reader is matchless; and that he was "a great critical intelligence, the most vigilant and subtle discriminator of intention and conduct in the whole gamut of our literature."

One may have read Pope for a lifetime and still profit by reading him once again in Mr. Tillotson's company. Whenever I return to Pope I am confirmed in the belief that no poet ever knew better what he was doing or did better what he set out to do.

Another welcome volume from the Oxford University Press is the fourth edition of "The Concise Oxford Dictionary" ($4), adapted from the big "Oxford" by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler and revised by E. McIntosh. I have been using the second edition of this excellent desk dictionary for the past twenty years; it is now falling apart—sure proof of its utility. A quick survey of the new edition shows that it contains many words of recent origin and a considerable amount of recent slang ("atomic bomb" is in, by the way, while only the biological meaning of "fission" is given), but those responsible for the volume have not succumbed to the weakness now common among American lexicographers—that of yielding too easily to popular pressure in favor of erroneous usage. We all know that time "exiles, alters, and disguises words," as Joshua Sylvester put it almost three and a half centuries ago in lines quoted by Tillotson; but the dictionary-maker should not expedite the process in order to gratify popular ignorance. When the "Concise Oxford" gives an incorrect but current definition of a word, as it sometimes does, it plainly marks the definition as erroneous. This is only one of the many merits of this precious word-hoard.

"The Shorter Oxford Bible" ($1.85), abridged and edited by G. W. Briggs, canon of Worcester, G. B. Caird, of McGill University, and N. Micklem, principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, consists of selections from the Bible, skillfully arranged under subject headings, for consecutive reading or convenient reference, with brief introductory notes designed to throw light on the contents of each section. This is a valuable book, offered at a surprisingly low price; but with all due respect I must confess to amusement when I read in one of the editorial notes the simple statement: "Esau was a gentleman. . . ." This remarkable assertion must, I suppose, be based on the fact that "Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field," whereas "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." It would seem to be the old story of the aristocratic fox-hunter as opposed to the city bloke.

Robert Lynd, who died in 1949, was one of the best of literary journalists—an able and amiable intermediary between non-professional readers and the world of books. He was also an original, vigorous, sometimes charming essayist and a fighting Irish Nationalist. Selections from his writings, including his papers on Johnson and Boswell, will be found in "Essays on Life and Letters" (Everyman's Library, $1.25).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BATSFORD
BOOK YARD

Book bargains for the summer browser. Books on art, travel, theater — fiction and curiosa.

⅓ to ½ off

B. T. BATSFORD, LTD.
122 East 55th Street, New York 22

THE THEATRE GUILD NATIONAL COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
Based on the Play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by LYNN RIGGS
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Production Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Evgs.: Orch. 4.80; Mezz. $3.60; Balc. $3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.: Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.
Air-Cond. BROADWAY, B'way at 53rd St.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in "Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

NO LUCK FINDING A PUBLISHER?

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your novel, short stories, poetry, scholarly work, etc., perhaps we can help you. Write today for Free Booklet FF.

VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 230 W. 41 St., New York 18.

Help Send Food for the Mind . . .

• Your contribution to the new CARE-UNESCO Book Program will replenish the war-wrecked libraries of Europe and Asia with the latest scientific and technical books in English. Full information available.

CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.

SRL Goes to the Movies

SWEET ARE THE USES OF INTEGRITY

INTEGRITY is one of those words that rarely gets used out in Hollywood. It means giving the public what *you* want, not what you think *it* wants or should have. It connotes such other words as stark, uncompromising —and unpopular. Which may help explain its general disfavor. Actually, you need less than the fingers of one hand to count those pictures that have come from Hollywood with an utter disregard for box-office values or potentialities. There have been Von Stroheim's famous "Greed," John Ford's "The Informer," John Huston's "The Treasure of Sierra Madre"—perhaps one or two more.

But add now to that praiseworthy handful "Ace in the Hole" (Paramount), Billy Wilder's first picture apart from his long-time collaborator Charles Brackett. His own producer, director, and writer (with an able assist on the latter from Lesser Samuels and Walter Newman), Wilder takes this opportunity to examine and excoriate some of the less pleasing aspects of the American personality. Truth crushed to earth, he seems to imply, is liable to gets its teeth kicked in.

The story that supports this unsavory thesis is about Charlie Tatum (Kirk Douglas), a boozed-up reporter working in Albuquerque until he can hit the big time again. His opportunity comes with the discovery of a man trapped by a cave-in, his "ace in the hole." Remembering the nationwide sensation of the Floyd Collins case in 1925 (which may well have suggested the entire film to Wilder), Tatum prepares to build his scoop. By shoring up the tunnels rescue parties might extricate the entombed Leo Minosa (Richard Benedict) in a matter of hours. Tatum, pointing out to the local sheriff how useful prolonged publicity could be in his forthcoming election campaign, arranges that the rescue be effected through a lengthy drilling process instead. The news goes out. The sensation seekers start to gather. Personnel from radio, television, the wire services pours into the area, and Tatum is the hero of the hour. But before the rescuers can reach him Leo is dead.

Billy Wilder—"hard, cynical skill."

All of this Wilder tells with the hard, cynical skill that marked his earlier "Double Indemnity" and "Lost Weekend." His principals move compulsively, driven by their dirty motives. Lorraine (Jan Sterling), Leo's sluttish wife, is about to run off after the cave-in happens. Tatum urges her to stay, indicating the profits she can make selling refreshments to the hordes of sensation hunters. She stays. Tatum wants her only for his story—the loyal wife praying for her husband's safe return. He asks her to go to the nearby chapel so that he can get pictures for his paper. "I don't pray," she informs him. "Kneeling bags my nylons."

But it is in his skilful handling of the mass scenes that Wilder reveals his supreme contempt for the American mob. Their appearance in this film is all too familiar. You recognize them at once from the pages of *Life*, from the newsreels, from the newspapers. Hungry for tragedy, they are insensate to human values or emotions. A traveling fair sets up its merry-go-rounds and ferris wheels on the premises—after paying Mrs. Minosa for the concession. A Western hillbilly band sings "We are coming Leo" through the loud-speakers, then hawks the sheet-music. Excursion trains — "The Leo Minosa Special" — add to the throngs. After the tragedy there is the briefest recognition of the presence of death. Then the mobs are on the road again, trying to fill their empty lives, searching for yet another agony and tragedy.

Wilder, it must be admitted, does offer some compensations. Not everyone is all bad. Minosa's parents, simple peasant folk, are mute and tragic beings. The publisher of the small-town paper for which Tatum has been working roundly denounces this kind of yellow journalism. Even Tatum at the end, realizing that he has in effect murdered Leo Minosa, tries to tell the true story of the tragedy. But — and here is the final irony — no one hears his version. "Ace in the Hole" is a brilliant film. It is not likely to be a popular film—at least not with those

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who may recognize their self-portraits on the screen.

* * *

"Native Son" (Classic Pictures) almost equals "Ace in the Hole" in its unwillingness to compromise with standard entertainment patterns, although it falls far short of the Wilder picture in technical proficiency. This film version of the Richard Wright novel was made, curiously enough, in Argentina—and by Pierre Chenal, a French director. The key actors are American, the smaller parts being played by Argentinian Negroes. Some of the exteriors were actually shot in Chicago, the locale of the story. And while what comes out of this strange arrangement is a bit uneven, it is by no means without interest.

"Native Son," you will remember, is the story of Bigger Thomas, a Negro chauffeur who accidentally kills a wealthy white girl. Captured and tried, Bigger begins to perceive that both Negroes and whites have a tremendous amount to learn about each other before the two races can live side by side in harmony. But whereas in the novel, and in Orson Welles's play adaptation as well, all of this came through only by dint of long harangues and exposition, in the film that sense has been built directly into the story. Richard Wright, who wrote the screenplay with Chenal and acts the title role himself, has drawn here a highly sympathetic Bigger and leaves it to the audience to search out the social implications of Bigger's tragedy. As an actor Wright is amazingly persuasive—particularly when you consider that this was his initial try at it. His Bigger is uneducated but not unintelligent, frightened and desperate yet still appealing. Gloria Madison as Bessie Mears, Bigger's girl, is a handsome and highly dramatic actress. The whole, in spite of its technical defects, proves to have been very much worth doing—even if it meant going all the way to the Argentine to do it.

* * *

"Captain Horatio Hornblower" is much more Hollywood's standard dish, and this one Warners has served up very well. It's a Technicolored yarn based on the C. S. Forester novel and adapted for the screen by the author. All of the gusto, sweep, and color that endeared the Hornblower series to millions of readers has been preserved in Raoul Walsh's rapid and muscular direction of the film, while the producers have spared no expense in staging the great sea battles that take up most of its two hours' running time. There are moments now and then when Gregory Peck as Hornblower pauses in amorous dalliance with Virginia Mayo (in a seemingly endless array of new gowns). But before things get either too serious or too slow he's off to blow another man down. Just the thing for these hot summer nights.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

Ace in the Hole, Native Son, Captain Horatio Hornblower: Reviewed in this issue.

Excuse My Dust: A musical joshing the era when few people took the gasoline buggy seriously. (*SRL* June 30.)

He Ran All the Way: A study of the mental disintegration of an antisocial character when surrounded by normal human beings (*SRL* June 23.)

Go for Broke: How the Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat Team earned its honors. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers, the last in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia. Exciting, amateur photography, with witty narration by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH . . . OR UNDER THE SEAS!
THE FROGMEN
Uncle Sam's UNDERWATER COMMANDOS!
20th CENTURY FOX
RICHARD WIDMARK · DANA ANDREWS · GARY MERRILL
On The Great Stage!
THE ICE SHOW is back!
Plus A Great Variety In-Person Revue!
Doors Open 10:30 A.M.
ROXY
7th AVE. & 50th ST.
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

"A VASTLY ENJOYABLE MUSICAL COMEDY!"—*Atkinson, Times*

A NEW MUSICAL

SHIRLEY BOOTH · JOHNNY JOHNSTON

in

A Tree Grows In Brooklyn

Air-Cond. ALVIN THEA., 252 W. 52nd St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"A lusty comedy"—ATKINSON, *Times*

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents

The ROSE TATTOO

A new play by

Tennessee Williams

Directed by DANIEL MANN

with MAUREEN STAPLETON · ELI WALLACH

Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON · Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF

Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND

Lighting by CHARLES ELSON

Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE

MARTIN BECK W. 45 St. Air-Cond.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

RHUBARB FOR THE READERS

Lillie S. Peterson,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,

Dear Miss Peterson:

I happened to pick up a copy of *SRL* in my analyst's office the other day and noticed your letter to the editor [June 16]. I quote:

"Recently Goodman Ace had a laudatory paragraph on the broadcasts of Mel Allen. As an inveterate follower of the Dodgers. . . . I am surprised and disappointed that Mr. Ace has no good word to say for Red Barber. . . . He is to my way of thinking one of the most literate and charming personalities on the air, and I'm sorry Mr. Ace is missing his fine work for the Dodgers."

Allrighty, Miss Peterson. You don't have to be sorry any longer, because I tuned in Mr. Barber the day I read your letter, and I made some notes. But, first, a few salient facts:

1. I am not now nor have I ever been a Dodger fanatic.

2. Nevertheless, I am convinced that the current Dodger team is one of the greats in baseball, their recent slave-market manipulation notwithstanding.

3. However, I belong to that band of miserable masochists who for fourteen years now have been wending their weary way to the Polo Grounds hoping against hope that the Giants would win a pennant, Johnny Mize notwithrunning.

Now, where you and I are mutually antithetic is on the subject of baseball announcers, and it is not surprising that you, an inveterate Dodger follower, choose Red Barber. It is a little startling, however, that I, a Giant fan, pick the Yankee announcer, Mel Allen. How more objective can you get?

The game I listened to was the one at St. Louis. Brooklyn after trailing one to nothing won it in the ninth with a home run by Gil Hodges. When the shouting had subsided the literate and charming Red Barber announced: "Well, I'll be a suck-egged mule!"

In an earlier inning the Cardinals had threatened by loading the bases, but they could score no runs. At the end of the inning Mr. Barber announced: "Well, that's the way it's been happening against the Dodgers every day. The other team gets on the bases but they can't score against the Dodger defense." In the very next inning the Dodgers got on the bases but they didn't score either. Mr. Barber quickly annnounced, "Say, friends, how do you judge beer?"

A long but easy fly wafted out to straight center. Said Mr. Barber: "There is Snider standing there waiting for it. This is grist for his mill. He has it."

Later, a Cardinal hit an easy one over second: "Robinson runs out with those sure hands of his and grabs it for the out," said Mr. Barber. (Most second-base men run out without their hands).

A Cardinal got to first. The next Cardinal hit a long fly to Furillo in right field. The man on first ran half way to second waiting to see if Furillo would make the catch, then after the catch he went back to first. Mr. Barber described it this way: "So back to first he goes, showing the respect he has for Furillo's arm." (He also showed the respect he had for a ruling which says if a fly ball is caught the runner must go back to the base he left).

Red Barber: "Say, friends, how do you judge beer?"

Mel Allen—"laudatory paragraph."

Snider came up to the plate. Mr. Barber announced: "The Cardinals are not happy with Snider at the plate." (The Cardinal manager has a set of signals by which he communicates with Mr. Barber in the booth to let him know the Cardinals are not happy with Snider at the plate).

A rookie named Joe Presko was pitching a pretty respectable game, holding the Dodgers to no runs for eight innings. Late in the eighth Mr. Barber found time from his literate charm in praise of the Dodgers to say: "Presko has been pitching so well we hadn't noticed it. We've been so busy talking about other things." When Slaughter hit a terrific drive to the wall Mr. Barber only commented on the fine play Snider made in retrieving the ball on the first bounce. (Two extra points for this.)

What I'm desperately trying to say is that baseball announcing is not all extolling home teams or brews. Personally I thirst for a little praise for the Dodgers' competition. Even if it's only a small percentage—say three point two.

—GOODMAN ACE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ace's opinions on Mr. Barber do not necessarily represent the views of this magazine's staff, which is, in fact, well populated with Dodger fans. But we are very happy to print Mr. Ace's sparkling rejoinder, for as he says—"How more objective can you get?"*

* * *

Roger Brown,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Mr. Brown:

I quote from your letter to the editor in *SRL*, June 16.

"Mr Ace is very caustic about the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naïve pollster who uses the listening habits of 1,500 families to represent the habits of 41,000,00 radio owners of America . . . I don't know how adequate the sampling methods of the Neilsen poll may be. . . . But the fact that only a small percentage of the population is interrogated does not automatically invalidate the procedure. . . . Surely Mr. Ace has been told that very small numbers will provide a good estimate of a large population when they are selected from that population in an unbiased fashion."

Allrighty, Mr. Brown.

I have a letter from the Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Indiana: "I am particularly pleased to see you are not afraid to take potshots at surveys. . . . There is nothing like drumming up a substitute for thinking with clichés, slogans, and catchwords, selling them to the people through the stimulation of a kind of newspaper by-line, and then taking a poll of opinion to see what people 'think.' This survey applies to radio and to mass media of communication and entertainment."

I have another letter from an executive at WCBS-TV: "Would that every sponsor and agency executive would blow up your 'Rate Race' feature, paste it on his east wall, and bow to it each morning before taking his bicarb."

Well, Mr. Brown, since you don't mind a small sampling of opinion I am obliged to announce the results of this poll as showing a two to one verdict against the Neilsen—or extended to our population, 100,000,000 against it, 50,000,00 for it. And I believe your letter and the other two represent a cross section, with your section a little crosser than the others.

—Goodman Ace.

Rafael Kubelik—"a sizable phenomenon."

Music to My Ears

KUBELIK LEADS A YOUTH MOVEMENT

Amsterdam.

BETWEEN the factual island which is England and the political one which is Vienna, Holland generally and Amsterdam particularly seem a mainland of security in which a music festival is neither an aggressive nor an empty gesture. Blessed both by creature comforts and mental security the public can muster something of the holiday mood appropriate to the word, and the performers can put forth the energy to comprise the deed. The consequence to one who has recently been both in England and Vienna is a vitality of accomplishment not heard in either place.

As an example of the selective rather than the inclusive procedure one may cite the work of Rafael Kubelik as he was heard directing the BBC Orchestra in London's Festival Hall last month and the Amsterdam Orchestra in its famous Concertgebouw last week. In London Kubelik's concert was one of two on the same date and one of fourteen in the same week. In Amsterdam it was one of three spaced over a week, and he was the conductor for all. Any conductor's gifts would have more chance to assert themselves in these circumstances; a conductor of Kubelik's remarkable attainments had the Concertgebouw Orchestra playing in a way that few in the world could match and scarcely any excel.

Whether or not this young man is happy or appreciated in Chicago—worse luck Chicago if he isn't—he is certainly a sizable phenomenon in the general panorama of contemporary musical performance. The zest he gave to the Concertgebouw Orchestra's playing of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" Overture has not been matched for this listener since Vaclav Talich was rousing melodious air currents in Smetana's native Bohemia; and the evening-ending "Taras Bulba" of the equally Slavonic Leos Janacek was churned into a roaring tide of well-modulated tone by Kubelik. Lest it be surmised that the young conductor's aptitude is largely, or primarily, for the works of his countrymen—he is, of course, the son of the long-celebrated Czech violin virtuoso Jan Kubelik—he had his feet firmly planted on two other widely separated areas of musical thought: Mozart's C minor (K.491) Piano Concerto, in which Robert Casadesus was the able soloist, and a new symphony (No. 3) by the Dutch composer Guillaume Landré.

As little as the name of Landré suggests a Dutch composer, even less does this symphony suggest a composer whose reputation is confined to his own land. Through devious ways Landré has come to the use of the twelve-tone technique for this score, in which he manages the considerable feat of being expressive as well as impressive. Neither length nor brevity are themselves an index to creative merit, but the composer has judged his materials well and utilized them persuasively within a suitably short span of twenty minutes. The beginning and ending sections are slow, the movements between fast—a discipline which accords with Landré's creative impulse in this instance, if it might in no other. My impression is that the score will travel well, especially if Kubelik is entrusted with its journey to foreign parts. The enthusiasm of the audience was measurably more than might have been occasioned by mere chauvinism.

THANKS to the well-rounded program of the Holland Festival the first week-end cycle of events also provided the opportunity to hear at close range one of the rising young ensembles on the chamber-music horizon. A series of recordings from England had given luster to the name of the Amadeus Quartet; its emergence as bodies, names, and personalities added the relevant point that, for all its recent orientation, three-quarters of the performers are Austrian refugees who carried with them to England as much younger men a style of string performance essentially Viennese. Adding the influence of a musical society that produced so fine a group as the London Quartet has seasoned Viennese sweetness with a little tart brusqueness and given to finesse a robustness by no means common.

In the cozy small hall that the enveloping Concertgebouw provides for such manifestations the Amadeus ensemble had an enervating struggle against an unseasonably warm June night. But its playing of a Haydn quartet (Opus 33, No. 2) twinkled and its versions of Mozart quintets in G minor and C (Cecil Aronowitz was the added viola) echoed the vitality and power that Kubelik had put in circulation the night before with the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

Whether or not such virtues can be infectious is beyond speculation; but it is certain that the absorption of the audience and its unstinted applause could be epidemic. Following the dazzling finale of the C major Quintet in which Norbert Brainin led his mates a merry chase, the listeners paid the effort the highest mark of Dutch approval. To a man the audience rose as the players did and stood in place to cheer and applaud for minutes afterwards.

—Irving Kolodin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE

(Continued from page 16)

defining a proposition as a sentence which asserts or denies something. A fact is a proposition which can be verified, and an hypothesis is a proposition which has not been verified but serves as a temporary explanation for observed facts. If words are not carefully defined they may "acquire a capital ('Truth') and go on to become 'Eternal Values,' and then they are half way to becoming our masters instead of our servants."

The author then analyzes contributions of Aristotle (who was often misled by words), Bacon, and Newton to the growth of modern research. A final chapter—written in the form of a Socratic dialogue—presents an articulate scientist's attitude toward religion, esthetics, and ethics. This book is a brilliant introduction to the philosophy of science. It is recommended as an antidote to current tales about colliding worlds, engrams, and flying saucers.

THE LIVING TIDE. By N. J. Berrill. Dodd, Mead. $4. Norman Berrill, professor of zoology at McGill University in Montreal, has a laboratory at Boothbay Harbor on the Maine coast and has spent considerable time at other research stations in this country and abroad. His charming book is a fascinating story about organisms that live in the sea, from microscopic diatoms to whales and squid more than fifty feet long.

Connoisseurs will learn a good deal about their favorite delicacies. I have personally accounted for hundreds of Maine lobsters and have discoursed at length on their habits and general anatomy. But I never noticed any difference between the two claws until Dr. Berrill informed me that "since a knife and fork are better than two knives, one claw has become a crusher and the other a cutter." You will gain similar insights into the ways of oysters, scallops, clams, crabs, and other seafood.

There are accounts of less familiar creatures like the piddock, a clam that can bore its way through concrete and solid rock. When two piddocks meet neither moves aside; the stronger grinds a relentless tunnel through its rival. Here, too, is the story of the mysterious disease that started on the Southern Atlantic coast about a generation ago, wiped out rich forests of eel grass, and spread along coastlines throughout the world. This plague is believed to have been caused by "an unidentified virus" (which is another way of saying that biologists still don't know what actually happened).

Dr. Berrill is always entertaining—whether he writes about rockpools, anemones, sea urchins, or Oliver, the neurotic octopus who was saved by

brain surgery. He also indicates how these observations fit into the broad picture of modern biology, perhaps the most rapidly advancing of all the sciences. "The Living Tide" is a delightful blend of fact and fine storytelling.

—JOHN PFEIFFER.

THE LIVING YEAR. By Richard Headstrom. Ives Washburn. $3. Heretofore Richard Headstrom has written a brace of well-organized contemporary guides for the birds' nests of the entire United States and a well-balanced history of Russia. He teaches nature lore at Dover, Massachusetts, about fifteen miles due south of Thoreau's Walden Pond. From there he roams throughout New England, habitat of his fauna and flora.

Twelve monthly chapters make the tempting divisions of such topics. Mr. Krutch starts his with spring and lyrics; Mr. Headstrom with January and a Brueghel-like landscape. He philosophizes less than others of his like, writes more tersely. In January "foxes hunt for rabbits, field mice, and other food"; in July "potter wasps construct their miniature water jugs"; in September "marigolds still enliven cheerless ditches"; in December "screech owls search for mice."

Fourteen clean, serene line drawings by Anne Marie Jauss, animal portraitist of New York, add more charm to this book.

THE HEAVENS ABOVE: A Rationale of Astronomy. By J. B. Sidwick. Americanized by Warren K. Green. Oxford. $4. A much greater readership exists for this splendid book than the author and modifier anticipate. Mr. Sidgwick, a versatile Englishman who has published poetry and children's books, raised nutria, and directed ship's guns, wrote for "astronomical dilettanti" to whom the wartime blackouts "made the night sky visible for the first time since the introduction of street lighting." Mr. Green, who Americanized the English edition so cunningly that the jointures do not show, seemingly retains the same elevation.

However, there is a multitude of youngish men and women to whom such an explanation of the universe has clear meaning and practical use. They are the flyers, navigators, tank drivers, gunners, and all those who manage machines that roll, heave, pitch, and bounce forward through the three dimensions of air, sea, or rough terrain. They habitually think in angles and motions, in trigonometry and the calculus, and many of them even in the powerful mathematics of matrices. They and a great many others handle electronics, radiations, and nuclear energy in the daily turns of their lives. The actions in the heavens do not awe them. Nor does the span of a light year outspan their understanding.

Yet these, as well as the dilettanti, can learn a great deal from this book, especially from the commendable step-by-step way that Mr. Sidwick uses measurement and analogy to guide them from what they can perceive on this earth to the farthest reaches of assured imagination.

The explanation starts with a description of the shape and size of the earth, progresses to the apparent motions of the stars and planets seen by the naked eye. It respectfully presents the Ptolemaic idea that all the universe revolves around the earth. It shifts smoothly to the Copernican hypothesis that the earth and other planets revolve around the sun and that the sun is a star among a vast, vast number of other stars. With our unaided eyes we can see the Milky Way bending across the sky. With our informed minds we

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 420

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 420 will be found in the next issue.

ULX KXGU BVYUVQG

CE ULX TVQDB JQX

BVYUVQ BCXU, BVYUVQ

PHCXU, JEB BVYUVQ

OXQQIOJE.

—M. GTCAU.

Answer to Crypt No. 419

Polysyllabic (or what the common people call *dictionary*) words.
—S. T. COLERIDGE:
Biographia Literaria.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

realize that our solar system is a trifling, off-center part of this galaxy and that this galaxy is a nebula like thousands of other nebulae that our astronomers can photograph from as far as our telescopes can gather their light.

We are reasonably sure of all these bodies, groups, and motions because our physicists here on earth have learned a great deal about matter and energy and how one changes into the other. Starlight is energy on the move. Star color is matter in the form of hydrogen or otherwise, moving so hotly that it gleams. We can see and analyze the phenomena with our telescopes, spectroscopes, and other gadgets; and we can mimic practically all of it on earth. How we do all this, think all this, Mr. Sidgwick has described elegantly, conveniently, satisfyingly.

INTERPLANETARY FLIGHT. By Arthur C. Clarke. Harper. $2.50. Into this extraordinarily concise and lucid little (164 pages) introduction to astronautics the assistant secretary of the British Interplanetary Society (analogue of the American Rocket Society) has compacted the main facts and suppositions which make astronautics reasonable and perhaps possible. Rocket vehicles already in use can overcome most of the earth's gravitational pull and may with changes overcome it all—in which case (as is reasonable according to the deductions that astrophysicists peering from the surface of this solar planet have made of interplanetary geometry, mechanics, and physics) then hopping to the moon and skipping to at least Mars and Venus should become real instead of hypothetical.

All this "will" happen "before the end of the twentieth century," reasons Mr. Clarke. "Into a few decades may be compressed more profound alterations in our world picture than occurred during the whole of the Renaissance and the age of discovery that followed." Nonetheless, despite his professional assurance, we others must keep in mind that calculations and descriptions about such flights are extrapolations—subjunctive, conditional, optional extrapolations—of "facts" that are no more inalterable than the Ptolemaic universe and Newtonian mechanics. Interplanetary flight is not certain, only reasonably possible.

Credit "for applying the rocket to problems of space flight must go," notes Mr. Clarke, to the late K. E. Ziolkovsky, Russian mathematician; credit for rocket propulsion to the late Robert Hutchings Goddard, American engineer, and to Hermann Oberth, Rumanian mathematician.

MAN IS A MICROCOSM. By J. A. V. Butler. Macmillan. $3. Into 162 pages John Alfred Valentine Butler, eminent London biophysical chemist, compacts a systematic, clear description of the whole hierarchy of natural structures and concludes with a debatable teleological assumption of human goals.

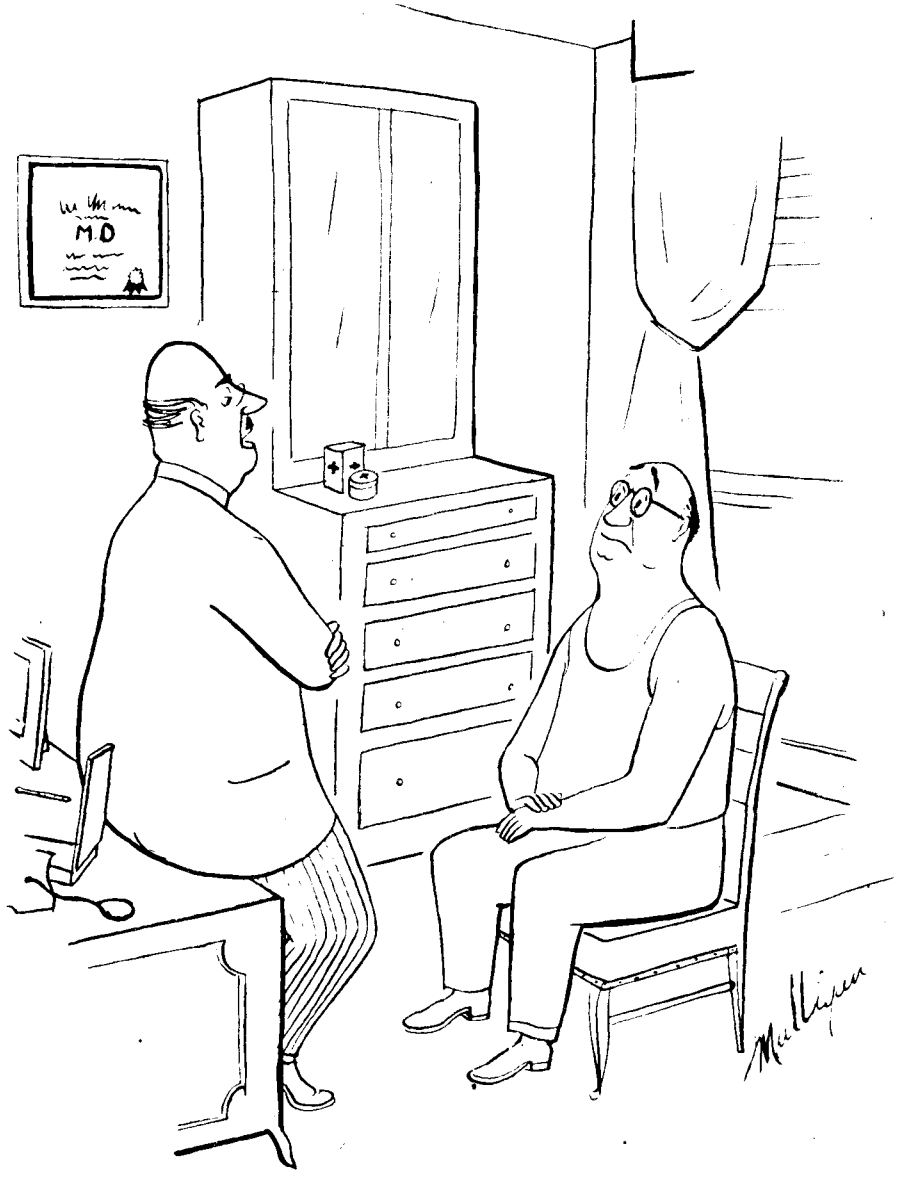
From single atoms of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen he strides to the larger plants, higher animals, and Man, whose body contains a trillion trillion trillion atoms, from single-celled organisms which seem to have a kind of nervous system to the human forebrain which has perhaps ten trillion nerve cells. An "artificial brain" with ten trillion vacuum tubes would be "a mile long, a hundred yards wide, and six yards high." It could not think for itself. Within our own living brain there ceaselessly goes on molecular activity which is partly predetermined by our inheritance and our living experiences and partly by random physical-chemical activity within the brain substance.

From these observations Dr. Butler derives a corollary for free will and from that corollary another for social compulsions. Reasons he: "We have to learn not only how to use our muscles but also general principles, with which to guide the use of our mental faculties; in other words, to establish character, as the educationists say. This is the argument of tradition and natural religion: the need of well-established channels and habits of thought within which we may succeed in harnessing the 'bubbling up' of ideas and making them harmonize with the legitimate aspirations of the individual and the needs of society. The problem of education is to establish such guiding principles, without hampering legitimate creativeness."

But what are the "needs" of society and who determines the "legitimate" aspirations of the individual?

As puzzling as that parochialism is Butler's misinterpretation of those museum mannikins which he saw when he was temporarily doing research in the United States demonstrating how our body organs work. He calls them "grotesque" and "horrors" and declares that they are "supposed to represent what science has learned about man and what it can do to re-create him"! Not at all.

—Myron Weiss.



"You're worried, depressed, can't sleep, and feel insecure. Forget it—you're normal!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

schauung dissensions a weird mixture of idealism and cynical toughness hovers over the Santa Barbara camp. That atmosphere is brought out well. As for the characters, however, one somehow comes to feel one has met them before: the representative of the Jewish committee in Palestine who desperately tries to make his fellow Jews live up to his own standards; or the Brooklyn-born UNRA man who cannot help transferring his own sense of frustration to his charges; or the victim of totalitarianism who becomes a Fascist of a sort himself; or the Britisher who makes the best of a distasteful job; or the wreck of a great German scholar who ends in an asylum.

There is a good deal of melodrama—and some real drama—in the story. There also is sex. And in the end—with Miriam, the beautiful girl, finding the road from her "arrangement" with a disillusioned intellectual to the genuine feelings the messenger from Palestine evokes in her—there is love, too. In short, this young novelist had at hand all the ingredients for a good novel, and some of them are effective in individual scenes. They just don't jell as a whole. But even so, Mr. Pawel's theme—the meaning of freedom—emerges with impressive clarity, and he makes his point.

—Robert Pick.

THE MOHAWK LADDER. By Noel Gerson. Doubleday. $3. Eighteenth-century Europe and the War of the Spanish Succession is the background for Noel Gerson's story of a company of American volunteers fighting under the orders of the Duke of Marlborough. Lieutenant Joshua Peattie is in command of them and of their new military invention or device, the Mohawk scaling ladder. This is used at the siege of Ghent to good effect, causing American ingenuity—our familiar "know-how"—to be greatly admired by friend and foe observers.

Mr. Gerson sets a brisk pace. His story has the characteristics we have come to expect from action romance. I think that is a better name for it than historical novel. "War and Peace," "Crime and Punishment," "Vanity Fair," "Death Comes for the Archbishop" are historical novels. As a matter of neglected fact any novel is historical if it is laid in an existing setting in any given year, whether it be 1951, 1751, or the time of Jonah. To call the more superficial and "colorful" yarns historical is misleading.

Mr. Gerson's kind is the tale with action, plenty of it, a fast-moving plot with enough intricacies to baffle us agreeably, a sympathetic hero, a villainous villain, and somewhat perfunctory characterization. Who can—or wants—to believe in the beautiful Diane d'Ancours, French spy, reputed to be the mistress of the sinister and ruthless St. Roget (with "a sheen of venomous lust in his eye" and control over the torture chamber) right up to the last, when she falls pure and unsullied into the hero's arms? Fortunately she is not on stage much of the time and occupies no more of the hero's thoughts and aspirations than we can manage to bear between the fighting. The fighting is dandy. So is the book as a whole. If you begin it you will finish it, especially if you are on your vacation.

—*Jacket design for "The Island in Time."*

—Evelyn Eaton.

DOOR OF HOPE. By Joseph S. Diamond. Greenberg. $3. In some respects the hardships of the Jews in the Rumania of sixty years ago were even greater than those of the Jews in Russia at the same time. Russian Jews found some solace in the moral aid and spiritual sympathy given clandestinely and sometimes openly by the better classes among the *goyim*. In Rumania the number of such superior people was limited, for the country has ever been near the bottom of the European cultural ladder. The few liberal intellectuals, however among the clergy as well as among the laity, both young and old, have earned the grateful memory of all.

Joseph S. Diamond pays them hom-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK

Brenda Green, of Cleveland, offers twenty quotations from which an essential word has been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 32.

1. For want of a nail, the ..... was lost.
2. Many are ruined by buying .....
3. Silks and satins, scarlets and ..... put out the kitchen fire.
4. Always taking out of the ..... and never putting in soon comes to the bottom.
5. The cat in ..... catches no mice.
6. If you would know the value of ....., try to borrow some.
7. When the ..... is dry, they know the worth of water.
8. Many a little makes a .....
9. Who ..... love, shall beggars prove.
10. Experience keeps a dear school, but ..... will learn in no other.
11. What maintains one ..... would bring up two children.
12. A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his .....
13. Creditors have a better ..... than debtors.
14. The ..... of the master will do more work than both his hands.
15. One ..... is worth two tomorrows.
16. For ..... and want, save while you may; no morning sun lasts all the day.
17. Love your ....., for they tell you your faults.
18. A full ..... makes a dull brain.
19. Great ....., little doers.
20. Half the ..... is often a great lie.

Take Your Choice from This List of Words

memory knees truth talkers dainties fools mickle belly gloves velvets age meal-tub shoe vice enemies eye money bargains well today

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age in this novel about the temporarily triumphant struggle for liberty in Rumania shortly before the turn of the century. His leading chacter is David, who makes a short trip to America, where he learns the full meaning of personal liberty and economic opportunity, and this knowledge inflames him all the more in his endeavors to bring some emancipation to the downtrodden Jews and Gentiles alike. There is a full-scale pogrom, instigated by the more vicious priests and moneyed folk, but there are also instances of moral heroism among the Christians, especially one Ian, who is in love with Marietta, a Jewess, who is powerfully drawn to him but refrains from marrying him for the usual reasons. As a work of fiction "Door of Hope" has little to commend it, for the speeches are editorials and the men and women mere megaphones. Dr. Diamond clearly knows the Rumanian scene, but he probably would have done better had he written his book as straight reminiscence.

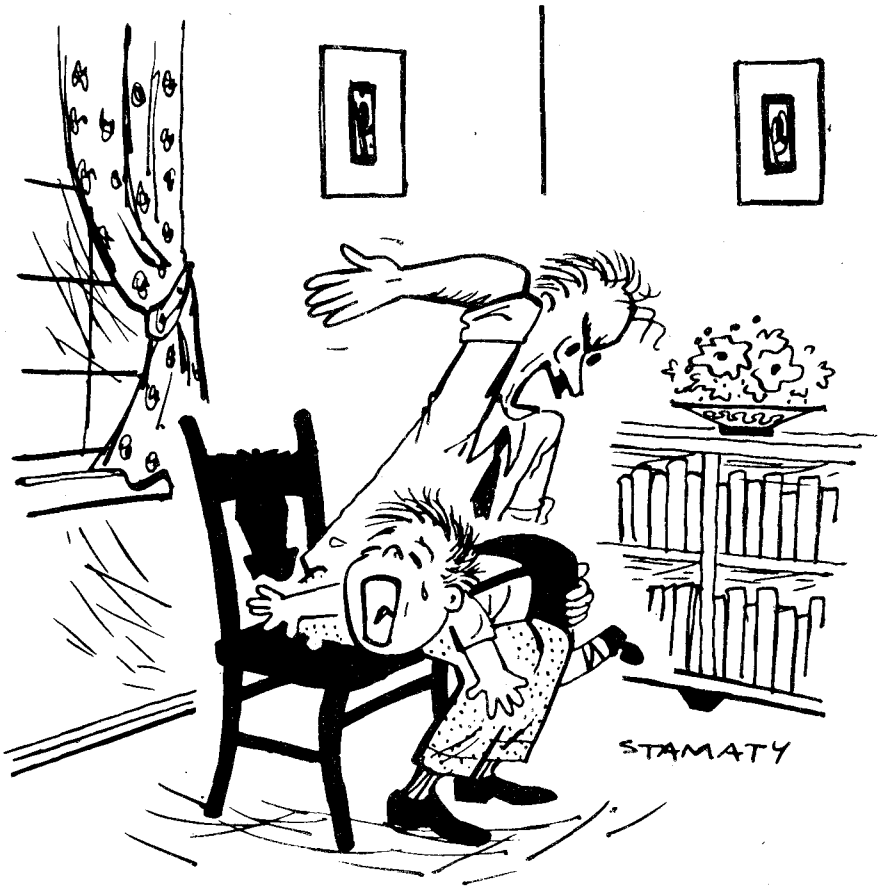
—Charles Angoff.

THE DEVIL IN VELVET. By John Dickson Carr. Harper. $3. An odder medley of history, fantasy, and mystery has not appeared since that remarkable work early in the century by Edward Lucas White, "Andivius Hedulio." The comparison stops there, however, since Mr. Carr's effort fails to integrate the disparate elements he has chosen to handle.

Here is the formula: Nicholas Fenton, professor of history at a Cambridge college, compacts with the Devil to be carried back into the past and lodged in the person of one Sir Nick Fenton, rakehell of the Restoration period, whose loving wife died of poison administered by some person unknown to history. Fenton hopes to discover the culprit and alter the course of history in this regard, and perhaps in several others, as he seems to have considerable admiration for Charles II. When he is installed in Sir Nick's body Fenton is surprised to find Mary, daughter of an old Cambridge friend, also transported in time and occupying the position of his mistress, much to his wife's distress. Derring-do, sword play, interviews with the Devil himself, tangled threads of love, an inability to perceive women's true sentiments toward him—typical of many romantic heroes—all decorate the pages of "The Devil in Velvet" to little or no purpose. It ends with Mary saving Fenton-Sir Nick from the clutches of evil Lord Shaftesbury, leader of the King's disloyal opposition.

Few students of the gentle art of murder are going to be held by the feeble mystery. The scanty sprinkling of readers who enjoy fantasy will find here no whetstone to appetite. And that great shoal of book buyers who swim avidly toward the historical romance will be repelled by both the above elements as well as the dreary claptrap of the standard cloak-and-sworder.

—Richard Emery Roberts.



"This will teach you not to hit people."

CALL ME NATE. By Wolfe Kaufman. Exposition Press. $2.50. Here are eleven quick pieces, all of which have been previously published here or abroad, about Nate O'Neill, a theatrical agent who can't escape the 8-ball, despite the fact that he is a practising high priest of P.T. Barnum's philosophy. To Nate, a brash, hustling, percentage-happy operator, there isn't an actor, producer, angel, or writer along Broadway or in Hollywood that can't be fleeced; yet, though they are all subjected to the Treatment, it is Nate himself who is invariably the Ultimate Sucker. (Still, it is amusing to discover there are so many gullible people around.)

One story tells of the way Nate, when convinced that he had a turkey on his hands, disposed of his interest to pick up a dishonest buck or two. He was so pleased. When the critics—well, I'd better quote from Nate's soliloquy: "So just because these lousy monkeys want to be wise guys, and just because they decide to play a mean, lousy joke on the paying public, they turn this palooka into a sock show and it cleans up a couple hundred thousand for my backer. And I'm on the outside looking in, with nothing but time on my hands. Why, it's no wonder I'm so sick I have to go to the doctor all the time." It's slightly reminiscent of some old Billy Rose stories, though Rose's characters had more of a bite. Nate is all right and perhaps likable, but whatever reality he has is concealed behind a smokescreen of contrived situations that become less and less amusing.

One at a time, in a magazine with other stories to their right and left, perhaps these pieces were diverting. A few, in fact, are still. Stacked eleven in a row, though, they provide only a showcase for the deftness with which Mr. Kaufman manipulates caricature, repetition, and the last-sentence switch to extract what is limp humor at best. In his obituary Nate no doubt will be recalled as a character who wasn't genuine or fresh enough to take his place with the boys at Lindy's.

—Bernard Kalb.

RINGSTONES. By "Sarban." Coward-McCann. $3. The five stories included in this volume have a leisurely old-fashioned quality of the kind that used to make pleasant hammock reading when there were hammocks. They are tales of the supernatural, not the horridly supernatural but the very gently supernatural—as if Saki had been drained of his malign qualities to produce "Sarban." In one some hunters in the Arctic reaches of Russia stumble upon the death throes of a prehistoric beast inexplicably alive beyond his

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time. In another Pan appears to a philandering wife and is killed by a jealous husband. The title story deals extensively with a British girl's hallucinatory re-creation of some legends of the Northumberland moors.

"Sarban" writes pleasantly enough with occasional touches of unemphatic wit in his prose. His little surprises are often telegraphed a little too clearly for them to titillate any but the sleepiest reader. But if the day is hot and you are very willing to suspend disbelief the book is as light as its contents and it won't very much matter if you drowse off.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE PINNACLE. By Edward Havill. Sloane. $3. This is an earthly folk tale of contemporary New York State, moody and ruminative and violent by turns. In it we trace a season in the lives of dwellers in the Finger Lakes region. Holly Mathew is a poacher by preference, a shiftless, hard-bitten lone-wolf sort of fellow. He owns a good piece of land atop the Pinnacle but there is that in his asocial nature which leads him to hunt and fish, poaching outside legal seasons and preserves, rather than work his land as it needs.

Among Holley's neighbors are the Cornels, Seth and his daughter Silky. Holley and Silky have been meeting for some time and making love—yet Silky, too, easy and natural and gracious as she is, has a core of protective strength; she has given herself to him completely enough, but she will not take the final step and marry him. Third in the triangle is Jim Vining, who is entirely captivated by Silky and wants to buy some land—Holley's piece, as it happens—and bring her there as his wife. And so all this coil is enveloped at last in a larger, natural echoing, as Mr. Havill lets out all the stops to bring things to a crashing climax. After a devastating, destructive storm Holley goes out on one of his periodic poaching expeditions and kills a deputy sheriff in a hasty moment of rage. There is flight and the pursuing posse and Holley's death by drowning in desperate escape.

It would seem, in brief summary, to be an exercise in melodrama, involving as it does so many changes on the theme of violence. But Mr. Havill has raised his book some levels above this by raising his sights to focus upon the elements of natural strength which give his people character instead of upon the otherwise contrived elements of their story. The thought follows inescapably that they could have inhabited a stronger novel. —N. L. R.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. shoe 2. bargains 3. velvets 4. mealtub 5. gloves 6. money 7. well 8. mickle 9. dainties 10. fools 11. vice 12. knees 13. memory 14. eye 15. today 16. age 17. enemies 18. belly 19. talkers 20. truth

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ALIAS BASIL WILLING *Helen McCloy* (Random House: $2.50)	Basil Willing, psychiatric adviser to the DA, stumbles across a frantic little man using his name—and sees him poisoned. More deaths—all centered around German Dr. Zimmer's dinners.	Urbane melodrama, including portraits of refugees and suburbanites of evident intelligence, excellent writing, and cultivated allusion.	With a wallop
SMALL TOWN CORPSE *Clarence Hunt* (Phoenix: $2)	Sheriff McNarley protects his fat carcass from the Carolina cold but does his duty following up highway "accident" that finally involves an organizer, a mill owner, and dubious visiting scribblers.	Authentic small-town characters and mores reacting to fantastic outsiders. The sheriff bulldogs his case with shrewd modesty and some irony; simple, direct style works up to thrilling climax.	Subtle and exciting
THE BLACK-EYED STRANGER *Charlotte Armstrong* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Sam Lynch, free-lance Manhattan crime reporter, kidnaps lovely Park Avenue Kay to prevent a kidnaping by once big-time criminal attempting prestige comeback.	Cross currents tangle mercilessly, and the speeches aim for subtlety heavily; Miss A's touch slipped on this one though you'll probably want to read.	Somewhat tedious
DEATH IS IN THE GARDEN *Melba Marlett* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Naive, lovely Dolores, student at Philly's swank "Stone Oaks," escapes for visits to worldly NY uncle and rendezvous with Princeton smoothie. Returning late stumbles over corpse resembling herself!	The haunts of privilege believably described; the unconventional uncle a refreshing original in detection—an unliterary Woollcott.	Expert contriving
TREACHERY IN TRIESTE *Charles L. Leonard* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Paul Kilgerrin is given carte blanche by AMG Intelligence to trace U.S. guns being trifled with in Trieste.	Complicated scramble of international intrigue, Communists, Fascists, and an unknown enemy; but characters retain reality in spite of some papier-maché doings.	Interesting though confusing
THE FLOATING DUTCHMAN *Nicolas Bentley* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Alexander, secret operative for the Yard, follows trail of daring burglaries after drowned Dutchman points the way to sinister night club complete with villains and lovely girl.	Has makings of top thriller—but author tries to compensate for too leisurely first part by crowded bang-crash ending upsetting theme and stream of interest.	Almost Grade-A-plus
THE GOLDEN GOOSE *Floyd Mahannah* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Riley Wadell is stayed from closing his private eye by beautiful lady dangling 13 grand for protection from cops who think she killed her husband.	For "Realism" read: detective as near a heel as possible; Los Angeles scenery; a female wrestler; tortured love; hospital climax. Nevertheless, creditable tight descriptive style.	Readable sock-em
NOW OR NEVER *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Tommy Hambledon, smelling renascent Fascism among Cologne ruins, picks up trail at a corpse hanging from a girder, encounters big-money Argentine emissaries and elusive girls in the rubble.	Casual British at its best. Scene and conversation always titillating and suggestive. Tommy's insouciant pals, Forgan and Campbell, almost steal the show.	Thriller with a smile
AN ENGLISH MURDER *Cyril Hare* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Warbeck Hall's Christmas party is snowed in with death, while Yard's Sergeant Rogers reluctantly takes charge and refugee Professor Bottwink poses classical crime parallels.	Thoroughly engrossing puzzler peopled with interesting characters; writing impeccable, humor twinkling, solution satisfying, title ingenious.	Cheers!

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

(*Continued from page 8*)

have been expected, that the busiest people are the least frequent users. The high-school student on summer vacation is a heavy user; the suburban husband and father rarely enters a library. This means that the library is failing to reach precisely the groups whose activity and responsibility in the community create the greatest need for ready access to information and for the stimulus of contact with a wide range of ideas. In large part this failure is due to the simple lack of time to read and is beyond the reach of the library. But I suspect that the major difficulty is not so much lack of reading time as a lack of convenient opportunity to visit the library; the wait while books are called for and charged and the nuisance of returning them are also difficulties. Libraries need to experiment imaginatively with solutions to this difficulty. What, for one example, about loans by mail of books called for by telephone—a procedure some extension services and commercial lending libraries already use?

AND TO make possible the carrying out of all these foregoing measures we need to spend a great deal more on libraries than we do. A great deal more in relative terms, that is, for the total amount we now spend on public libraries in the United States could be doubled with no perceptible effect on the economy. Total present expenditures for public-library support are on the order of $100,000,000 annually. This is about sixty-five cents a person, less than 1/6 of 1 per cent of public expenditures, about 1/25 of 1 per cent of the national income, about one-fiftieth of our expenditures on public schools, less than one-half the subsidy given newspapers and magazines through the second-class postal rate. Viewed nationally it is a negligible figure. Even if it were doubled, which is probably about what a good library service would cost, it would still be negligible as a burden on the national income. The cost of a movie apiece would do it.

It is obviously not because the cost would be burdensome that we support libraries so inadequately. It is because we have never realistically faced the problem as we have been forced to do in the case of schools. Library appropriations slide on from year to year, an uncontroverted element in municipal budgets, arousing little opposition and commanding little vigorous support. In this municipality or that an energetic librarian or an active board of trustees will get a sizable increase in support, especially when a new building is needed. In a few states here and there more effective state aid may be won. But little occurs from year to year to lift the national average of library support to a degree that would permit the new level of library service required by the times.

From many points of view library support is retrogressing. Though there has been a substantial dollarwise increase in library budgets since World War II, it has probably not kept pace with the dropping purchasing power of the dollar and certainly not with the combined effects of inflation and population increase. As a percentage of the national income library support has dropped sharply. Nor is there any comfortable basis of assurance that the situation will improve. No present trend points to the rapid increase in library support that is essential for effective service. Nor can librarians themselves initiate such a trend. They are too few and their political influence is too limited. If effective library support is achieved over the next decade it will be because library trustees and citizens at large who are devoted to intellectual freedom and growth undertake a deliberate and concerted campaign of national scope to break out of present limitations and establish a new level of library service as the accepted norm in this country. We must do for libraries what we have done for education in general.

And, finally, in achieving the necessary enlargement of library support and service we need always to preserve the finest traditions of the free American library. The whole special significance of the library in our social structure, its particular role as a medium of communication, depends upon those traditions of freedom. I do not believe there is any need to worry about the public librarians themselves. So single is their devotion to the ideal of free service to all that any restrictive concept of the library would be simply unintelligible to them. And I think it is not too much to say that, though most librarians are persons of limited means, wholly dependent on their salaries, and without personal political strength, no group in America has more steadily, quietly, and successfully resisted all pressures of obscurantism, bigotry, and censorship.

But the tide of such pressures is rising and the strength of every free institution will be tested by their attack. As the public library grows in importance as a principal weapon against intellectual monopoly their force will be increasingly directed against it. In maintaining their freedom libraries in each community will need the understanding support of every liberal element. Support can be no better given, for their freedom is an essential in the freedom of us all.

Luther H. Evans has been librarian of the Library of Congress since 1945. *Before going into Governmental library work he had taught political science at Dartmouth College and Princeton University. He is a member of the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO. He has been a contributor to many magazines.*

Bayou bookmobile project—"devotion to the ideal of free service for all."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

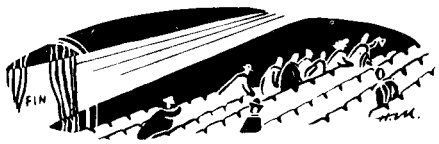
IN PRAISE OF ALA

IF any groups can be singled out as having made the most important postwar contribution to the adult use of non-theatrical films those groups undoubtedly are to be found within the membership of the American Library Association. During the past war the phenomenal success of films for military training bore prophecies of their widespread use in peacetime. No one who had come in contact with the war-sponsored audio-visual materials could have predicted exactly how 16mm. films would be effectively introduced into civilian life, but all were certain that the introduction would be made and that it would be rewarding.

Hundreds of young men and women who had learned one or another phase of production and use of non-theatrical films in the Army or Navy, and others who had been professional film-makers before the war, turned hopefully to the peace-time application of their skills. For many of them there were immediate disappointments, inevitable since the public had no means of absorbing non-theatrical "idea" films into its community life. There was the need for new leadership, not alone from producers and sponsors but also from community groups for whom the films were intended.

This leadership was found in our public libraries, among people whose previous training had taught them the communication values of the printed word almost exclusively. In May 1947 the Carnegie Corporation of New York gave to the American Library Association a grant of $27,000 (approximately the cost of producing a single twenty-minute black-and-white film) to support the two-year operation of an "advisory service to public libraries on the circulation of educational films." Mrs. Patricia Blair, previously film librarian at the Cleveland Public Library, was chosen to head the service.

Starting with the twelve public libraries which were then circulating films Mrs. Blair set out upon a strenuous program of selling an important new activity to libraries, which for the most part were interested but skeptical—and nearly all burdened with perennial budget and staff problems. The first two-year Carnegie grant was followed by another, and during these four years Mrs. Blair proved an indefatigable traveler, talker, organizer, writer, and helper. With the ALA Film Advisory Service officially ending this summer, Mrs. Blair and the Carnegie Corporation and the American Library



Association can look with pride to the more than 100 public libraries now circulating 16mm. films. The latest statistics show a total of 48,000 films lent by public libraries in one recent month and seen by over 3,500,000 people.

While the statistics are impressive in themselves, they do not tell the whole story of the new leadership that public libraries are providing in film utilization and their increasing influence upon producers and sponsors. Intelligence and good taste in selecting films was the most important job from the start. Mrs. Blair set an example by looking at films with an enthusiastic but critical eye, and other librarians kept pace with her. To many librarians the 16mm. film was at first a totally unknown quantity. Some had inherited the job of film librarian as part of their adult-education duties; some created the job willingly in "spare" time.

In the course of a few years librarians learned just about everything there was to know about documentary and educational films. Such a program of self-education has rarely been seen. They read the literature, looked at hundreds of films, learned how to operate all kinds of projectors, talked their problems out among themselves, wrote about their experiences with films, invited leading producers and sponsors to address them at national and regional meetings. In true librarian spirit they also did some thinking of their own. With limited budgets they had to make sure that they were buying not only "good" films, but films that would be useful to the community. To acquaint the public with their new wares librarians fortunate enough to have usable auditoriums at their disposal held lunch-hour showings, programs for children, film-discussion meetings, etc. With museums, schools, and other organizations they planned a variety of film activities under joint sponsorship. From these beginnings radiated new waves of the film societies, councils, and festivals that distinguish a film-conscious community.

Although it had seemed at first that the circulation of films by public libraries would have to be limited to communities of 75,000 and over in population, the obstacle was overcome by experimental cooperative ownership and use among a network of small libraries. In round-robin fashion films are sent from one library to the next. Film circuits of this kind—three in Ohio, one each in Michigan, Washington, and Missouri—have established invaluable patterns for cooperation.

This week in Chicago the ALA holds its two-day audio-visual workshop on the theme "Our American Heritage." Films to be shown include "Mount Vernon in Virginia" and "Lincoln Speaks at Gettysburg" (*SRL* May 26). A producer or distributor is proud to have his film selected for such an impressive audience, which in the public-library field includes such outstanding film specialists as Karline Brown, of Cincinnati, Kurtz Myers, of Detroit, Bertha Landers, of Kansas City, Mrs. Grace Stevenson, of Seattle, Norman Moore, of Rochester, and Virginia Beard, of Cleveland. With the termination of the dynamic Film Advisory Service the ALA's Audio-Visual Board will continue its film activities for schools, universities, and special agencies as well as public libraries.

In contrast to the ALA's seventy-five years as venerable dealer in "book-learning," its relatively few years of films are indeed a junior achievement. But let at least one candle on the birthday cake stand for the "idea film"—a new field of endeavor in which librarians across the nation have most recently proved their capable leadership. —CECILE STARR.

In the Time of Trouble

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

SHADOWS of night, of war, and Winter
Have darkened the world over,
Where in all the hate and cold
Shall a man seek cover?

Where shall a man with snow on his hair
Find anything but snow
Now his sons are old enough to die
And roads too long to go?

Under the night the wide old barn
Makes a smaller night;
Here are pity and charity
And the warm lantern light.

Lean your gray and troubled head
On the cow's gentle silk,
Warm your hands at the kindly teats,
Warm your thighs with the milk.

The lost Summer, the honey's breath
Will steal in from the mow,
A song will grow from whispering milk
And quiet cud of the cow.

The steady star your hands have lit
Shines clear and wide,
War fades, Winter, and white age,
Peace is at your side.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
HARPSICHORD, RECORDER ET AL.		
French COUPERIN: TWENTY-FOURTH HARPSICHORD SUITE (24ième Ordre). Eta Harich Schneider, hps. Urania LP: URLP 5001	▶ Excellent harpsichord — sharp, clear, but not tinny, the mechanical action projected exactly right.	Couperin makes a much-needed comeback, on proper instrument: his vigorous, highly ornamented music is meaningless on the piano. A good performance, not too German!
COUPERIN: MUSIC FOR THE HARPSICHORD. (Les Fastes," "La Favorite," "Les Folies," "Passacaille.") Claude Chiasson. Lyrichord LP: LL 12	▶ Recorded ultra close — a very sharp, tinny sound. Prime example of how not to record harpsichord wide-range! It's easily enjoyable, even so.	Chiasson, on hps. of his own making, plays, registers carefully, the ornaments neatly worked out; but rhythm and phrasing are indifferently good.
COUPERIN: THE FOUR "CONCERTS ROYAUX." Ph. Kaplan, flute; S. Mayes, cello; E. Bodky, hps. Allegro LP: alg 3013	▶ For those who have absorbed the available German and Italian 18th-c. music—suites, partitas, concerti, and the rest —Couperin's similar but ultra-French speech seems at first a bit tame, grows quickly as one feels its different scale of values, the emphasis on immensely subtle beauty of detail, highly ornate, within a modest frame. These suites are nicely played, the grand dignity of the slow movements well felt, the rapid music on the choppy side. Good complement to above music for solo keyboard.	
German BACH: "THE WELL TEMPERED CLAVIER," BOOK I; Preludes and Fugues #9—#16. Landowska. RCA Victor LP: LM 1107 #17—#26. Landowska RCA Victor LP: LM 1136	▶ Landowska's harpsichord playing has never been approached by anyone else and it even has a sound unto itself. The wiry French harpsichord (Pleyel) is made more wiry by these RCA recordings and some have lamented. Yet so fascinating are these performances in their tremendous world of careful detail in phrasing, registration, in their over-all power, that mere recording is of little concern! Every Bach pianist (and Bach lover) should study these for hours.	
BACH: ENGLISH SUITE #4 IN F; FRENCH SUITE #2 IN C MINOR. Denise Restout. R.E.B. LP: #1	▶ Here we are within the potent Landowska orbit—Restout is her secretary, assistant, disciple, as well as pupil. The recording was done at L.'s home. The Landowska technique is most evident in the careful, impeccably worked out playing, but a certain stiffness might indicate imitative rather than creative power. Side 1 is thin, lacking in brilliance; side 2 (Fr. Suite) is strangely better, much like the RCA recordings above.	
BACH: PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN A MINOR; CAPRICCIO; TOCCATA IN D MINOR; RICERCAR A TRE. Edith Weiss-Mann. Allegro LP: AL 80	▶ A top-sounding job, slightly closer than the Urania above—good sound partly due to the Steingräber harpsichord's superior quality. The variety of tone color on this instrument is extraordinary, the tinny sound at a minimum.	The late Mme. Weiss-Mann was a veteran performer, excellent musicologist with a forthright and splendid musicianship, a tendency to miss notes here and there—which is supremely unimportant, weighed against musical understanding!
BACH: "BRANDENBURG" CONCERTO #4 IN G. Dolmetsch, E. Hunt, recorders; London Baroque Ensemble, Haas. BACH: CANTATA #152, "Tritt auf die Glaubensbahn." Dorothy Bond, Robert Irwin; London Baroque Ensemble, Haas (with recorders, viola d'amore). Westminster LP: WL 5067	▶ I rate this as one of the finest 18th-century ensemble recordings I've heard. Perfect balance between "big" orchestral sound and sharp, natural tone to solo instruments. The Cantata is similar but closer-to, voices well balanced, bit off-mike, the diction excellent. Here's your "18th-century" disc for hi-fi demonstrating!	Will you ever want to hear this again in the usual overloaded "modern orchestra" version, with two flutes? I doubt it. This is abundant proof that the way it was written is best for all ears. Two excellent alto recorders. The cantata has lovely tone colors too; the performance earnest, the singing sincere, instruments excellent.
RECORDER AND HARPSICHORD RECITAL. (Corelli, Loeillet, Telemann; 16th.c. English tunes.) Carl Dolmetsch, recorder; J. Saxby, hps. London LP: LPS 278	▶ Nice recorder sound, in an adequately live room. The sudden peaks on high notes cause some trouble. Dolmetsch tries tricks for echo —evidently turning his back on mike, for change in effect. Not bad.	An interesting program — "La Folia" in a contemporary recorder version, two sonatas, and a bevy of earlier tunes, one for each of the recorder sizes. Nice recorder, the harpsichord indifferent. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

His maiden speech was a brazen hussy!

Flying in the face of tradition, A. P. HERBERT roared into action on his second day as a "freshman" Member of Parliament. Eager to introduce his Bill to reform England's marriage laws, he defied the Government with an oration that Churchill gleefully called a "brazen hussy" of a maiden speech.

But A. P. HERBERT saw his marriage reforms enacted — and singlehandedly set out to liberalize the entertainment, betting, and liquor laws as well. You will enjoy this gay and shrewd account of 14 years in Parliament.

"He is gay without being frivolous . . . the whole volume is touching, witty, full of high spirits and sometimes, at least to an American, highly informative about Parliamentary life and procedure . . . High literary quality." —IRWIN EDMAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

Independent Member by **A. P. HERBERT**

author of THE WATER GYPSIES *and* HOLY DEADLOCK

At all booksellers, $5

DOUBLEDAY

Coming Soon "FLAHOOLEY"—ORIGINAL CAST of the Broadway Show Featuring YMA SUMAC

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

DELACROIX AND DAUMIER

ART critics and historians have a weakness for duets by artists, particularly when the latters' performances, attuned or cacophonous, have been enlivened by gossip of off-stage rivalry, as in the cases of Ingres and Delacroix or of Matisse and Picasso. Once in a while, however, there is some advantage in altering these acts by changing partners. A case in point is furnished by the Wildenstein Gallery's summer exhibition in New York of oils, water-colors, and drawings by Delacroix and Daumier, two great artists who are seldom viewed or considered together. This is not a large exhibition; it does not pretend to give the full quality of either man. But it is an engaging show, not least because it calls to mind contrasts which tend to be forgotten.

Anyone who has read Delacroix's "Journal" and his other writings will know that he personified to extraordinary degree the word "artist." The nineteenth century in France produced greater painters, possibly including Géricault, certainly including Cézanne and Seurat. It produced no one who rivaled Delacroix in depth and force as an epitome of artistic personality. His exalted conception of the creative act is apparent in everything he did and proposed, in each slight human gesture, in every heroic enterprise. His vision was essentially an interior one, nourished by an extremely cultivated mind. Indeed, in cultural matters there was something of the eighteenth-century encyclopedist about him, though his predilections were strong rather than tolerant. They could not have been otherwise, since culture was for him a basic material of his own art and hence to be measured with caution. He fed his inspiration assiduously, memorizing his favorite poets, sitting in rapture while Chopin played the piano for him in George Sand's shuttered rooms.

Once his inspiration was released, however, Delacroix showed relatively little interest in its physical fate. His "Journal" mentions grievances as to his critical reception, particularly when his "Sardanapalus" was badly received at the Salon of 1827. But he abhorred commerce of all kinds, and there is little evidence that he took much interest in such post-creational stages of his profession as dealing, collecting, and other maneuvers through which the esthetic image passes on its way from the muted corridors of the painter's imagination to the hard light of public domain.

"Liberty Guiding the Populace," by Delacroix—"merely exciting theatre."

With Daumier, ten years Delacroix's junior, there begins a decided exteriorization of the artist's world. Whereas Delacroix, though in extreme youth a caricaturist for *Le Miroir*, by the time he was twenty-four had completed and sold to the State the huge painting "Dante and Vergil," Daumier did not begin to paint until early middle age, having previously worked as a graphic artist and mostly for the press. As a journalist Daumier was fascinated by any and all unusual aspects of the contemporary Parisian scene. He was especially drawn to subjects relating to the arts and connoisseurship. And it is significant that in treating these subjects he revealed an unaccustomed tenderness. He lashed out furiously against perversions of government and law; he teased the theatre. But his pictures of artists and art-amateurs are for the most part reverent and sometimes awed. I suppose this special attitude on Daumier's part is mainly to be explained by his eagerness to be more than a cartoonist. At the same time one senses an historical shift, temporary but important, away from Delacroix's proud faith in the creatively elite toward art's identification with society at large. In a few years Courbet would be proclaiming loudly that he was not an artist but a painter, that is, a workman with exceptional manual skills.

DELACROIX'S mistrust of the new trend is apparent in a letter he wrote the elder Dumas after a visit to Courbet's studio. "We sought the heights," he wrote. "Happy he who could attain them. I fear the stature of today's contestants does not permit them even to think of heights. Their little, narrow truth is not the truth of the masters. They seek their truth on the ground, with a microscope. Farewell to great inspirational painting, farewell to the grand effects of dramatic passion." Yet we must not forget that if Delacroix at first detested Courbet's anti-artistic philosophy (he later relented somewhat) he knew the worth of Daumier's graphic art and collected it as it appeared in various periodicals. In the history of art nothing is more fascinating than the way in which masters occasionally are able to speak to each other across seemingly closed borders of program and style. But, lest we assume that this sort of long-distance communication is reserved for practising artists, it is well to remember that Charles Baudelaire wrote with fervent perception about both Delacroix and Daumier.

Politically these two artists were as far apart as could be imagined. Brought up in a devoutly Bonapartist atmosphere, Delacroix never outgrew his worship of Napoleon's memory nor his belief that the Empire had given France its only adequate form of government. Daumier, on the other hand, was a dedicated liberal, who fought bitterly against all authoritarian controls over the people. Nevertheless,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was a moment during the Revolution of 1830 when the two men's sympathies were on the same side—against the Bourbon monarchy. Delacroix, as is well known, lined up at the barricades with the enraged citizenry, and from this experience evolved the celebrated painting "Liberty Guiding the People," of which more in a moment. Daumier's feelings at first must have been comparable.

BUT THE aftermath of the Revolution threw the two artists into opposite camps. Presently Daumier was imprisoned for his ferocious cartoon of the Orleanist profiteers of the July Monarchy and, released after six months, he thereafter consistently derided Louis Phillipe, whose resemblance to a pear he exaggerated with devastating effect. Delacroix, contrarily, actually benefited from the royalist victory. Paul Delaroche, rather than he, became the King's favorite painter. But Delacroix won numerous favors from the Orleanist court, notably from Thiers and Talleyrand, who found new power to exert in his behalf. In 1831 he was decorated with the Legion of Honor; in 1832 he was invited to join the Comte de Mornay's African expedition—an event of tremendous importance in his career as a painter.

Considering the equable outcome of his brief political involvement it is perhaps understandable that Delacroix was never afterwards completely sure on which side justice lay in matters of government. At any rate, when the Revolution of 1848 broke out he reported to friends that he was "cold as marble." But to Daumier the moral and social issues of contemporary humanity remained crucial to the end of his life. And perhaps there is something to be gained by comparing for a moment his magnificent "Uprising" with Delacroix's earlier "Liberty Guiding the Populace." The general assumption is that Daumier's painting was at least indirectly motivated by the events of 1848; stylistically it seems to be one of his earlier oils and hence of around that year. It marks in any case a thorough departure away from the romantic idealism of Delacroix's canvas toward a utilization of current, dramatic reality, unadorned, undisguised. And the failure of Delacroix's picture—it *is* a failure, despite brilliant passages—proves that the vast and ancient tradition of preestablished allegorical reference had collapsed.

In particular Delacroix's canvas makes clear that realism, even of that master's baroque and relatively arbitrary kind, could not successfully be combined with allegory's conceits. From literature, history, and Orientalism the great romantic was able to evolve a vision whose validity, power, and scope are only now beginning once more to be widely appreciated. But his "Liberty" is merely exciting theatre, whereas Daumier's "Uprising" is tragic drama of the most profound kind. Most of the great images of the later nineteenth century—the still lifes of Cézanne, for example, or Seurat's "La Grande Jatte"—were to adopt Daumier's program: the intensification of the real and the near through private expressive means. Allegory, once the subject of erudite interpretation, had simply become too obvious for painters. It could survive, as it survives so brilliantly in Picasso's "Guernica," only through a blurting out of new symbolic truths instead of through skilled quotations from the old. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

"The Uprising," by Daumier—"tragic drama of the most profound kind."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern Panorama

BAROQUE AND ROCOCO IN LATIN AMERICA. By Pál Kelemen. New York: The Macmillan Co. 302 pp. 192 plates. $16.50.

By Harold E. Wethey

THE vast panorama of Colonial art throughout Latin America is unfolded in this splendidly printed and magnificently illustrated volume, a work which will appeal equally to the layman and to the historian. The subject is approached by introductory chapters describing the Colonial scene and the artistic background against which these extraordinary phenomena of New World culture were nurtured into sudden bloom. Mr. Kelemen presents the world of Latin America in cross section, a method never before attempted, with the result that both basic uniformities and cultural divergences are surprisingly revealed in geographic patterns. The study of architecture begins with the chapter on cathedrals, where appear not only the famous monuments of Santo Domingo, Mexico, and Peru but also the lesser-known cathedrals of León (Nicaragua), Riobamba (Ecuador), Comayagua and Tegucigalpa (Honduras), and numerous others. Thus we see the essentially Spanish façades of Santo Domingo, Tunja, and Cuzco in startling juxtaposition with the native American exteriors of Honduras, the New World lavishness of Cajamarca (Peru) and Zacatecas (Mexico) and the Italianate cathedral of Córdoba (Argentina).

Mr. Kelemen otherwise discusses architecture by countries, selecting the examples which in his opinion are particularly interesting and significant as works of art and as manifestations of the creative genius of the New World. He gives a brief historical sketch of each monument, drawing upon the most recent researches of specialists who have devoted themselves to various countries and fields. In this way he maintains a high level of accuracy in the matter of historical facts and dates. He places no particular emphasis upon chronological and stylistic developments, however, since he has taken the broad view of the art and culture of the New World. His approach is enthusiastic and colored with the avowed purpose of arousing others to like enthusiasm.

A large portion of the book is devoted to sculpture and painting, a fact for which we can be grateful since others have studied those aspects of Latin American art much less than the architecture. In a chapter called Christ in the New World Mr. Kelemen discusses a series of crucifixes and Passion scenes in both media, choosing his examples largely from Mexico, Peru, and Ecuador. The same primitive stylization and violence of feeling prevail throughout in these effigies which served as direct intermediaries between God and the unquestioning believer. Under the

From "Baroque and Rococo in Latin America."
"Virgin of Carmen" at Potosi, Bolivia.

chapter titled Religious Dramatis Personae are brought together in the same fashion images of the Madonna and saints, most of them classifiable as folk art and chosen with discrimination and good taste from the countless works of this sort found throughout the length and breadth of Latin America. They provide a mine of iconographic peculiarities and problems for those who are concerned with the science of cultural development. Particularly interesting is the Woman of the Apocalypse, of which Mr. Kelemen publishes several magnificent sculptures from Colombia and Ecuador.

The Colonial painting of Latin America outside of Mexico is virtually unstudied. Mr. Kelemen's section devoted to the delightfully primitive school of Cuzco is therefore doubly welcome. His array of photographs and his discussion of this material constitute by far the most significant consideration of it yet undertaken. There are further chapters on Colonial organs and wood sculpture. The latter includes altars, pulpits, choir stalls, and furniture, all of which will amaze the uninitiated by their splendor. The book is completed with an extensive bibliography and excellent index.

"Baroque and Rococo in Latin America" provides an absorbing introduction to the art of Latin America, so little known save to those who have traveled to the south of us. The kaleidoscope of graphic reproductions herein contained provides much material nowhere else available, and the text is readily intelligible to anyone interested in the arts. In the richly colored English prose as well as in the expert quality of the photographs Mrs. Kelemen's collaboration with her Hungarian-born husband contributes notably to the success of this impressive volume.

Harold E. Wethey, professor of fine arts at the University of Michigan, is the author of "Colonial Architecture and Sculpture in Peru" and "Gil de Siloe and His School."

In Gorgeous Color?

FRENCH PAINTING AT THE TIME OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS. By Raymond Cogniat. New York: Hyperion Press. Distributed by The Macmillan Co. 163 pp. 101 color plates. $9.50.

By John Rewald

IT would be unfair to conceal the fact that this reviewer has an old grievance against the Hyperion Press. Indeed, he has often criticized this publisher severely for the sloppy fashion in which its books are produced, for the poor quality of its plates, for the shocking number of typographical errors and outright inaccuracies as well as for the unscrupulous manner in which its books are reissued over the years without any attempt to record changes of ownership for paintings or to bring bibliographies up to date. Unfortunately such criticism has been of no avail and the same carelessness can be observed once more in the present publication.

The Hyperion Press has always imitated books of a type originally created by other publishers. After the Phaidon Press brought out its first beautiful large monographs Hyperion followed suit with its own series, inferior in quality of plates, in scholarship, and in the arrangement of reproductions, which were never assembled chronologically. Later on in a series of small and incredibly bad books called "Hyperion Miniatures" it attempted to copy the excellent little "Collection des Maîtres" published by Braun in Paris. And now that Albert Skira of Switzerland has been highly successful with several volumes devoted to various periods of Italian and French art, illustrated exclusively with plates in color, Hyperion presents its own version of a similar book. But once again the Hyperion product is vastly inferior to the publications which inspired it.

According to the jacket this book is a new edition of the volume by E. A. Jewell, "French Impressionists and Their Contemporaries" (Hyperion, 1944), with a different text and accompanied by 101 plates in "gorgeous color." This means simply that Hyperion once more uses its old color plates to fabricate yet another book. A comparison of these plates appearing in both volumes shows such incredible discrepancies and such utter disregard for the originals that the word "gorgeous" seems somewhat too mild; "atrocious" might have been more suitable.

In addition to using old American plates, among them some from the National Gallery, the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and *Art News*, the publishers have also availed themselves of various European sources, particularly previous Hyperion publications. Only a very small fraction of the plates are actually new. As a result of this method of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

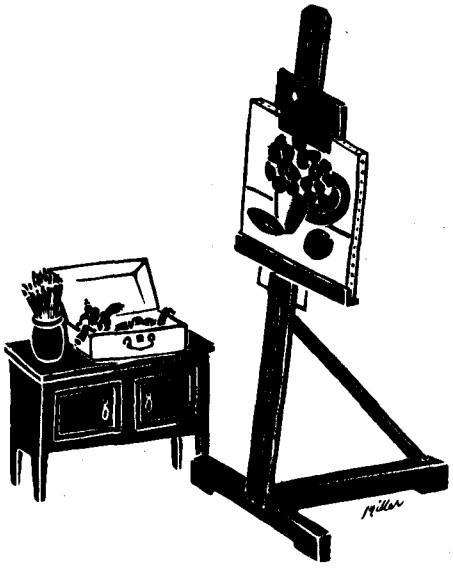
selecting illustrations according to the availability of plates and of concocting a new book with the elements of several old ones the reader is presented with a hodgepodge of familiar reproductions that lacks balance and proportion. Why are there nineteen paintings by Renoir and thirteen by Manet but only eight by Degas, six by Cézanne, and five badly selected ones by Monet? (Presumably the answer is that Hyperion published more than a decade ago books on Renoir and Manet but none on Cézanne and Monet.) And why in a book on the Impressionists are some of the Post-Impressionists treated better than the Impressionists themselves, Gauguin being represented by nine paintings, Lautrec and Van Gogh by seven each? Finally, why does Seurat rate only one illustration—and that of a minor work?

As in most Hyperion publications the plates are not dated, nor is any attempt made to arrange them chronologically. Early and late works are generally assembled in reversed order. The plates even include some paintings of questionable authenticity.

The author of the book, Raymond Cogniat, is not, as the blurb claims, chief editor of the oldest art review in France; he edits the weekly *Arts*. His text does not really contain anything new. It should be said, however, that he is not responsible for the selection of plates or for the bibliography, which is a model of incompetence. This bibliography lists some minor publications and omits major ones; it bristles with typographical errors and inconsistencies. Typical of the carelessness with which it has been assembled is a reference to George Moore's "Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters" as "Renaissance of the Impressionist Painters."

It seems to be high time that the Hyperion Press made a real contribution to the renaissance of art books.

John Rewald is the author of "The History of Impressionism," "Paul Cézanne," "Pierre Bonnard," and other books.



Ahead of His Time

THE TWO LIVES OF JAMES JACKSON JARVES. By Francis Steegmuller. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 331 *pp.* $5.

By George Boas

ALTHOUGH almost everyone interested in pictures has at least heard of the Jarves Collection at Yale, very few have known anything to speak of about its founder. Those sufficiently curious could read the biographical notice by Theodore Sizer in the "Dictionary of American Biography" (which was later expanded by its author into a magazine article), but by the very nature of things such notices contain little more than the bare essentials. These essentials were that Jarves was the son of the man who made Sandwich glass, went to Hawaii for a few years, then moved to Florence, where he became a pioneer in the study and collecting of Italian primitives.

One might have suspected that, like dozens of other mid-nineteenth-century collectors, he was either the son of a millionaire or was a railroad magnate anxious to leave his name over the door of a public building. But, on the contrary, he was always on the edge of poverty, unhappy in his domestic life, a business failure, and something of a crank. His attributions were often wrong; his theory of the history of art was almost entirely incorrect; he was not too intelligent. And yet he left both in New Haven and in Cleveland evidence of an esthetic taste well in advance of his time.

Francis Steegmuller has written this story in the greatest detail. He has made almost no attempt to analyze Jarves's critical theories and has avoided speculations on the psychical motivation of his subject, speculations which must have been almost irresistible to an author so gifted and so perceptive. He has soberly gone to primary sources, letters and diaries and contemporary newspaper clippings, and confined himself to stating the hard facts. This is therefore biography without either interpretation or evaluation. His book thus becomes a first-hand authority which is not likely to be superseded. The difficulties of finding all this material must have been very great, and Mr. Steegmuller is to be congratulated on his thoroughness.

Jarves was a self-educated man. His family, though fairly prosperous, allowed him to have but the scantiest formal education. But his own native curiosity led him to write on all sorts of odd subjects, ranging from Hawaiian history to spiritualism, from Japanese art to Renaissance Italian art, from philosophical esthetics to autobiography. His works show both the weakness of self-education and its strength. He was credulous, not having learned the skepticism of the trained scholar, but at the same time he was unintimidated

Visit NEW YORK'S 57th St. at the

BERKSHIRE ART CENTER

(located off Route 22, Canaan, N. Y.)

July 4th to Sept. 15th

Among the artists shown are:

HOPPER	BOUCHE	CSOKA
CHARLOT	WILSON	LIBERTE
DODD	WARREN	NORDFELDT
HELIKER	PLEISSNER	DE MARTINI
HARSANYI	CARROLL	MARSH

Admission Free • Open Daily 2.30 to 6 P.M.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

BERKSHIRE ART CENTER
CANAAN, NEW YORK

Director: Edward Gustave Jacobsson

2 minute walk to Tanglewood

AVALOCH

A country Inn at Lenox, Mass.

Owned and operated by young people—for young people and those who like to be around them . . .

Our own
★ **FILM FESTIVAL** ★
and Informal Parties

In Double Rooms $10 to 12.50 per person per day. Accommodations for single persons at $8 per day. All Rates Include Breakfast and Dinner.

Write to Roy Rappaport, AVALOCH
Lenox, Mass.

PICTURES & PRINTS

Largest stock of fine color reproductions in the country

Old Masters, Moderns, Contemporaries
Foreign & American

We specialize in mail orders. Send for 128-page profusely illustrated catalog. (128 illustrations) 50¢

OUR EXPERT FRAMING DEPARTMENT STOCKS THE LARGEST IN MODERN & CLASSIC MOULDINGS

Oestreicher's

1208 6th Ave. (Dept. SR) New York 19
(Bet. 47th-48th Sts.) PL 7-1190

PLAZA ART GALLERIES, INC.

ANTIQUE, ART & BOOK AUCTIONS

If you contemplate an auction or valuation write us for terms and details. We maintain a department exclusively for appraisals and inventories. Inquiries respectfully solicited.

AUCTIONEERS:

Messrs. W. H. O'Reilly, E. P. O'Reilly

9 East 59 St. • New York 22

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by correct academic opinions. Had he been a pupil of Charles Eliot Norton, with whom he had correspondence, he would never have ventured into fields which had not been staked out by the professional clique as the proper fields of study. And had he been a pupil of Professor Edward Elbridge Salisbury of Yale, who did so much to discourage people from looking at the Collection, he would at best have written little articles on Millet and Alma-Tadema. He always had a strong desire to be accepted by the illuminati, hoped in vain that the *pontifex maximus*, Ruskin, would annoint him, struggled to get the Boston Athenaeum to accept his Collection, as if that would have put the seal of approval on his taste, and died still panting for recognition.

Such a person was bound to be misunderstood, unhappy, sneered at, for he was pretty close to the lunatic fringe of society. Yet, at the same time, to read Mr. Steegmuller's biography of this very sensitive man is to be astounded at the obtuseness of his contemporaries, who could see in his pictures only historical curiosities. Gilman, later president of the Johns Hopkins University, urged that a careful statement be made about the Collection before opening it to the public. The authorities felt that they had "to forestall some natural doubts and complaints." The very guide to the Collection, written by Salisbury, pointed out that "one must not look for beauty of execution in all the works of a series intended to exhibit the gradual progress of art from very feeble, though well intentioned, beginnings." Here is academic superiority at its highest.

Neither the general public nor the connoisseurs showed any real interest in the Jarves Collection. Yet here are paintings which now are admitted to be one of the glories of American museums. What have the estheticians to say about this when they write lushly of eternal beauty, of the intuitive taste of sensitive souls, of the immediate response of our sense of beauty to the message of great works of art? Here is surely one document which might induce self-appointed critics to *examine* things and stop praising and blaming.

George Boas, professor of the history of philosophy in the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "A Primer for Critics," "Essays on Primitivism," and other books.

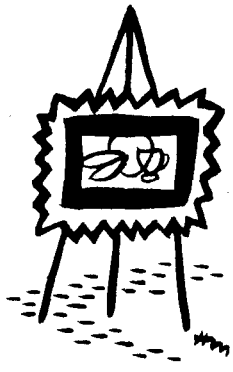
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 901)

CAREY McWILLIAMS:
WITCH HUNT
[The Revival of Heresy]

Today it is quite clear that any criticism of social conditions is likely to be met with a charge of Communism. . . . The differences between democracy and Communism are still great; but they need to be clarified, not confused.

Art Book Notes

AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN ARCHITECTURE. By Neville Conder. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $2.50. Sainte-Beuve fondly believed that George Sand was a more interesting novelist than Balzac, and the greatest critics before and since have committed even more shocking blunders in writing of their contemporaries, all of which should remind us that trying to understand one's own time is no easier than earning a living playing the races. It's no wonder, then, that most historians have been happier describing yesterday's sunset than today's sunrise. Neville Conder in "An Introduction to Modern Architecture" has been shrewd enough to confine his brief account mainly to the buildings of yesterday and the day before yesterday; when he talks of today and tomorrow he is obviously puzzled. He might have been less puzzled had he cast a second glance at the nineteenth century, whose aspirations he is inclined to ridicule.



Though the text may satisfy English readers eager to brush up on modern architecture, Americans will wonder why the author says next to nothing of the art of Louis Sullivan, whose passion for ornament is so perplexing to purists. And Americans will be bound to ask why the miracles of our West Coast have been all but ignored. There is no space given to the work of Gill, Maybeck, and Greene & Greene, to speak of the pioneers, and the names of Yeon, Dinwiddie, and Harris are missing, to mention only a few of the great architects of our own time.

Eclectic is perhaps the kindest word for the author's selection of photographs, many of which look like tired prints from tired negatives.

—WAYNE ANDREWS.

GAUGUIN. Introduction and notes by Herbert Read. SEURAT. Introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski. Pitman. $1.95 *each.* Both these paper-covered books are identical in scope and format (the page size is approximately that of *SRL*) with the twenty titles that have preceded them in the Pitman Gallery and which have previously been reviewed with enthusiasm in these pages. There is always a short, pithy introduction by an outstanding writer, followed by ten good color reproductions. Each of the latter is illuminated by a paragraph or two of critique on the facing page.

In these two new volumes Messrs. Read and Wilenski, each a distinguished critic of the subject treated, provide precise, lucid, and succinct texts that will gratify both amateurs and professionals. Both eschew the biographical material now familiar to most students (especially in the case of Gauguin). Most of the reproductions are from English rather than continental sources, which contributes to the freshness of the volumes.

GERMAN PAINTING. By Alfred Strange. Macmillan. $7.50. The pattern followed in this volume is the common one in present-day art books—a short analysis of the style of forty-eight fourteenth- and fifteenth-century German painters, written by a former student of Heinrich Woelfflin, and an album of 112 black-and-white plates and seventeen color plates. As Mr. Strange points out, the Gothic spirit flourished so vigorously in Germany that it persisted well into the sixteenth century—this despite the fact that many German painters traveled to Italy to study the Renaissance masters and a few abandoned religious subjects for portraiture. The result was that the form and spatial relationships of the Italians are missing in the Germans' work but the deeply felt personal religious expression is there.

Although the styles of the artists are Mr. Strange's principal concern, he provides biographical data and lists of their chief works with present locations. He is so teutonically thorough that not a single important medieval German painter is left unmentioned.

ARCHAIC MARBLE SCULPTURE FROM THE ACROPOLIS. By Humphrey Payne and Gerard Mackworth-Young. Morrow. $15. The first edition of this work (1936) was never widely distributed in the United States, and the remaining stock, together with the negatives, was destroyed in the bombing of London. Luckily the plates were spared, making this new edition available for a new generation of students.

As the title implies, this photographic catalogue treats only with the marble archaic sculpture of the Acropolis but it does so in extraordinary detail. Of the 470 photographs usually four or five are devoted to a single important item, while in some instances as many as nine views are shown, each a superb document. In every case the photographer has avoided "dramatic" and "trick" effects. There is a bibliography for each plate, brought up to date for this edition by Professor J. D. Beazley. The introduction by the late Humphrey Payne is a brilliant discussion of style and provenance. His disputings of earlier authors and his new and skilful attributions, although they have been available now for fifteen years, remain a delight to read. Mr. Payne was Director of the British School at Athens from 1929 to his death in 1936, and his collaborator, Mr. Mackworth-Young, was his successor in that position.

—L. R. SANDER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

RECORD MART

INTERESTED IN LP'S originally made to customer order, but never released to stores? For listing of great works by foremost artists, write O.T.A. RECORDS SERVICE, Bov 132-H.

30%-50% DISCOUNT on all LP records at ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE — History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

SELECTED TITLES EXCHANGED among members. Write for details. PICCADILLY BOOK CLUB, Box 622, Evanston, Illinois.

LITERARY SERVICES

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.) NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177, Circle 6-7441.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS 31 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio-scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

GHOST WRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC 18.

RESEARCH, TYPING, ghost writing term papers, theses, etc., bibliographies, excellent manuscript typing. Quick, efficient. B.A., M.A., PH.D. candidate. VIRGINIA FOSTER, 9131—116 St., Richmond Hill, NYC. VIrginia 6-5979-M.

MANUSCRIPTS neatly, accurately, intelligently typed. Call: MISS LIPTON, NYC, ALgonquin 4-1600.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS — IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

PERSONALS

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

SCRABBLE—Best of all the word games. Postpaid anywhere in U.S. $3. Returnable for full refund. P & M CORP., Newtown, Conn.

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50¢-$1. Buy where libraries buy! Postal brings list. EDITIONS, Dept. R, Hempstead, N. Y.

QUIET, IRREVERENT CITYPHOBE greets gentle, considerate, thinking miss. Box 769-G.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 23-August 10, 1951. Write for information.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS WORKSHOP, Fifth Session, John Holmes, Director, July 23 to August 10. Fiction: Margaret Widdemer. Non-fiction: Carl Carmer. Poetry: John Holmes. Writing for Children: Mrs. Carmer. Each course $20 with one manuscript conference. Editing club magazines: Anne Passel, July 23-27, $5. Associate staff, David Morton, Charles Abbott. Write: Mrs. Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua, N.Y., for 1951 Writers Workshop Bulletin giving full details of courses, fees, housing.

SUNWORSHIPPER invites young, unstuffy, freethinking, literate, feminine correspondence. Box 770-G.

TRAVEL RIGHT: Write for free information. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

FOR RENT. Maine waterfront 3-bedroom furnished house, $300. Box 183-H.

LOVER OF SONG and nature, sentimentally romantic, sincere, old-fashioned yet liberal-minded, loyal disposition, wishes correspondence only with open-minded, sincere women. Box 241-H.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $6.50, doubles from $6.50 to $11; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

PERSONALS

FORBIDDEN TO ENJOY real luxury by champagne tastes, beer pocketbook? You too can afford a lovely, lustrous strand of GUARANTEED cultured pearls from the living oyster. Imported directly from the Orient. Buy for yourself, for gifts. Only $23.95 (tax included). Wonderful value. Beautifully boxed. Order today. OVERSEAS COMMODITIES CORP., 26 Custom House St., Providence, R. I.

MATURE, RELIABLE, well-established New York company wishes to help you move, store, and safeguard your possessions. We seek correspondence from interested parties who wish superior services at low cost. Telephone Mr. Star, REgent 4-6700 (NYC) for FREE estimate.

A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY—PEACHAM, VT. 9-room furnished house. Electricity, hot water, 1 bath, 1 shower, porches, fireplaces, garage, lovely view, swimming nearby. 2½ acres with apple orchard, lawn, etc. Price $5,500. Terms. Stearns. H. STANLEY HILLYER, INC., 21 University Place, NYC, ORegon 7-1400.

CROW'S NEST SCHOOL IN PARIS—Study 9 months in France. Varied academic subjects. Cultural and social activities. Run by directors of CROW'S NEST TRIPS to Europe. Group limited to 30. Coed. Address: 312 Hart St., New Britain, Conn. for full details.

SAD YOUNG MAN, deeply immature, rarely frank, suffering from many inhibitions, with a devotion to mediocrity, encourages correspondence. Box 325-H.

MAN, occasionally bored, seldom shocked, wants woman correspondent. Box 326-H.

WANTED, chaperonage 11 year, well-behaved, pleasant girl. Westbound from England, steamer arriving New York latter part September. Small fee. NYC, VIrginia 3-4464.

LADY, 41, responsible, adaptable, desires temporary position month of August. Excellent administrator, secretary; experienced children. Country preferred, but consider all offers. Box 328-H.

DISABLED AUTHOR needs student, other interested person to drive car, provide physical attention. Light, irregular schedule. Room and board; small salary. NYC area. State details. Box 329-H.

YOUNG THEATRICAL ASPIRANT, male, dependable, seeks evening employment while studying. Has car. Box 330-H.

YOUNG ENGINEER desires uncomplicated correspondence with any reasonably interesting female. Box 347-H.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, mature and liberal in thought, invites correspondence. Box 348-H.

YOUNG MAN, secretary-companion, exchange room and board mountain home. Box 349-H.

JEUNE JOURNALISTE AMERICAIN, souvent voyagé en France, croit d'y rentrer bientôt. Il voudrait correspondence avec une demoiselle sympathique qui lui aiderait perfecter sa facilité dans la langue. Box 350-H.

FRENCH CANADIAN newspaperwoman , bilingual), as companion for lady, family traveling Europe; to accompany child. Box 339-H.

WANTED First-Class Records Classical Music. Box 341-H.

QUEEN ANNE TABLE for sale, in original, almost perfect condition, over 250 years old. May be inspected. New York State. Box 343-H.

RELIABLE YOUNG GENTLEMAN, 31, single, wants a job combining his business administration degree and extensive office experience with his interest and amateur working skill in music—including recorded drama, and above-average writing ability. Box 344-H.

OPTIMISTIC LADY, laughter-loving, creative, with cultural interests, invites correspondence from ditto gentleman. Box 345-H.

RECENT COLLEGE GRAD, 23, desires traveling job outside U.S. Draft exempt, but hardy. Box 346-H.

ESTABLISHED WRITER wants free lance work publicity, features, reviews, interviews, copy house organ, what have you. Versatile, experienced, personable. Best references, background. Box 332-H.

(*Continued on page 42*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

EXPERIENCED WRITER, capable of writing sparkling copy for established magazine will receive good salary with opportunity for advancement. Permanent position, not part time or home work. Either man or woman. Please send samples of your writing. References—STAMATS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

GENTLEMAN, with outdoor interests, would write young girl, interested in sunbathing, health, physical culture, etc. Box 337-H.

GENTLEMAN, tolerant, friendly, would like pen friends grave or gay. Box 353-H.

YOUNG LADY invites correspondence from refined and sincere young man. Box 354-H.

HUNTING CAMP, 250 acres, Adirondack wilderness. For rent by week, season. Guide available. Box 356-H, SRL.

MOTORING TO RENO IMMEDIATELY. Educated, mature gentleman seeks same, expert at driving, to share driving. Owner pays car costs. Address: Dodge Owner, 116 East 66 St., NYC.

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED the day you were born? News highlights, popular songs, typical prices, dozens of fascinating events. Colorful 8 x 10 scroll. Name inscribed. Treasured birthday, anniversary, baby gift. Any date since 1865. Only $2. Money-back privilege. 5-day service. Free sample. BIRTHDATE RESEARCH, Box 249-F, Wall St. Station, NYC.

REFERENCE ASSISTANT with library degree sought for unusual, small library used by many authors and artists. Apply: Librarian, Westport Public Library, Westport, Conn.

SICK OF SLICKS? Then A.D.'s yours. Quarterly. $12.00 yearly. 109-S Greenwich Avenue, NYC 14.

SECLUSION WITHOUT ISOLATION in Maine; remodeled Cape Cod farm home. Nurse veteran, now writing, would consider permanent paying guest. Real home, suitable for writer, sportsman or retired veteran. References. Box 365-H.

DRIVER, experienced, intelligent spinster or widow to assist semi-invalid in Old Greenwich, Conn. for summer or permanently. Write Equity Box SR269, 221 West 41 St., NYC.

RESEARCH RACE RELATIONS, minority pressures, NYC. Wanted—mature woman, American background, liberal. Part-time; well paid. Please give qualifications. Box 366-H.

THIS UNIQUE MOUNTAIN CAMP near Woodford, Vermont, is an ideal retreat for artists, writers, people who create. Large enough to interest a congenial group; priced low enough to make sharing the cost easy. Built around a large natural clearing in a setting of tall evergreens, there are 9 major buildings of rustic log construction. 4 are residential, with 8-plus bedrooms, comfortable living rooms, modern baths and kitchens, breeze-swept porches. Big fireplaces, gorgeous scenery, clean crisp air, mountain streams, woodland lakes, all summer and winter sports. Secluded but accessible, 8 miles from Bennington, about 185 miles from NYC, in a wild and beautiful section of the Green Mountain National Forest. Only $17,500; terms. Ask for illustrated brochure 42803. PREVIEWS, 49 East 53 St., NYC 22. PLaza 8-2630.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write: Catholic Information Society, Dept. S. 214 West 31 St., NYC.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

MATURE, PROFESSIONAL, SINCERE FEMALE—correspondence from intelligent males. Box 333-H.

RURAL RESIDENT of education invites correspondence both in writing and by tape recording. Box 334-H.

SUMMER COTTAGE, completely furnished, island of North Haven, Maine. July, Aug. Rent. 14 rooms, 3 baths, gas stove, electric refrigerator, automatic pump, spring water, telephone. 40 acres, private beach, superb view entire Penobscot Bay. Box 35-H.

VACATIONS

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

CANADIANA LODGE, Gravenhurst, Ontario (famed Muskoka Lake district) offers best in Canadian vacations.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Trout streams. Country splendor. Brandon, Vt.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Excellent accommodations. Swimming, private beach. Sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $38 weekly, up. Folder.

WOODHOLME—in the Adirondacks. A unique and delightful lodge with a real, woodsy atmosphere. Accessible only by boat or trail. American plan from $50 a week. A. W. Lawson, Inlet, New York.

Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Lake in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

TANGLEWOOD and Jacob's Pillow close by. Swimming and boating from our private beach. Excellent tennis. LP record library. HOLIDAY INN on Laurel Lake, Lee, Mass.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, Monterey: "Where cooking is an art and resting is a pleasure." Also transients, meals.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT amid New York's Finger Lakes region. All sports, cultural activities, fireside discussions, tranquil garden. Eat when and where you wish. Rates by day or week. 6 adult guests maximum. Box 163-H.

SPLENDID VACATION SPOT, informal, friendly, home-grown food, water sports. BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vt.

VACATIONS

WEED FARM, East Montpelier, Vt. Informality, delicious food, superb landscape, all country joys. Circular.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Perfect for week-end or vacation on a lovely Berkshire lake. Rustic lodge and cabin. Excellent food, informal atmosphere, moderate rates. Tanglewood, Berkshire Playhouse, Jacob's Pillow nearby. Folder.

POINTE AU BARIL, Ontario—Rambling, settled cottage on island, excellently located for quiet or active vacation. $200 season, $125 month. Includes rowboat, canoe. Box 331-H.

YOUR VERMONT SUMMER HOME—4 furnished rooms, with bath. Hiking, swimming. Box 150, Jamaica, Vermont.

SEA VILLAGE INN—A piece of Nantucket on the New Haven mainline at Stonington, Conn. Colorful 302 year old fishing village, whaling captains' houses, swimming, boating. $5 to $7.50.

FOR RENT—Summer months—converted farm house on wooded hill overlooking Long Island Sound, 5 miles from Old Lyme, Conn. All modern conveniences, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, separate north-lighted studio; 2-car garage; easily accessable to beaches. Telephone: Lyme 4-1132 or write: Du Mond, Old Lyme, Conn.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, fine view. $40.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN desires to share large unique summer home with two professional women. Car a necessity. Interview requested. Box 362-H.

ACCESSIBLE, UNSPOILED, Palisades, New York—lovely, spacious, modernized country home. Share with interesting couple to Sept. 15—$350; weekends only—$175. Box 364-H.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Informal adult resort—your choice of activity or inactivity.

SCHROON CREST, informal adult camp, on Schroon Lake in the Adirondacks. Telephone NYC, MAin 4-8570.

HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

☐ 1 YEAR FOR $6
☐ 2 YEARS FOR $11
☐ 3 YEARS FOR $15

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.)

7-7-51

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 902

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

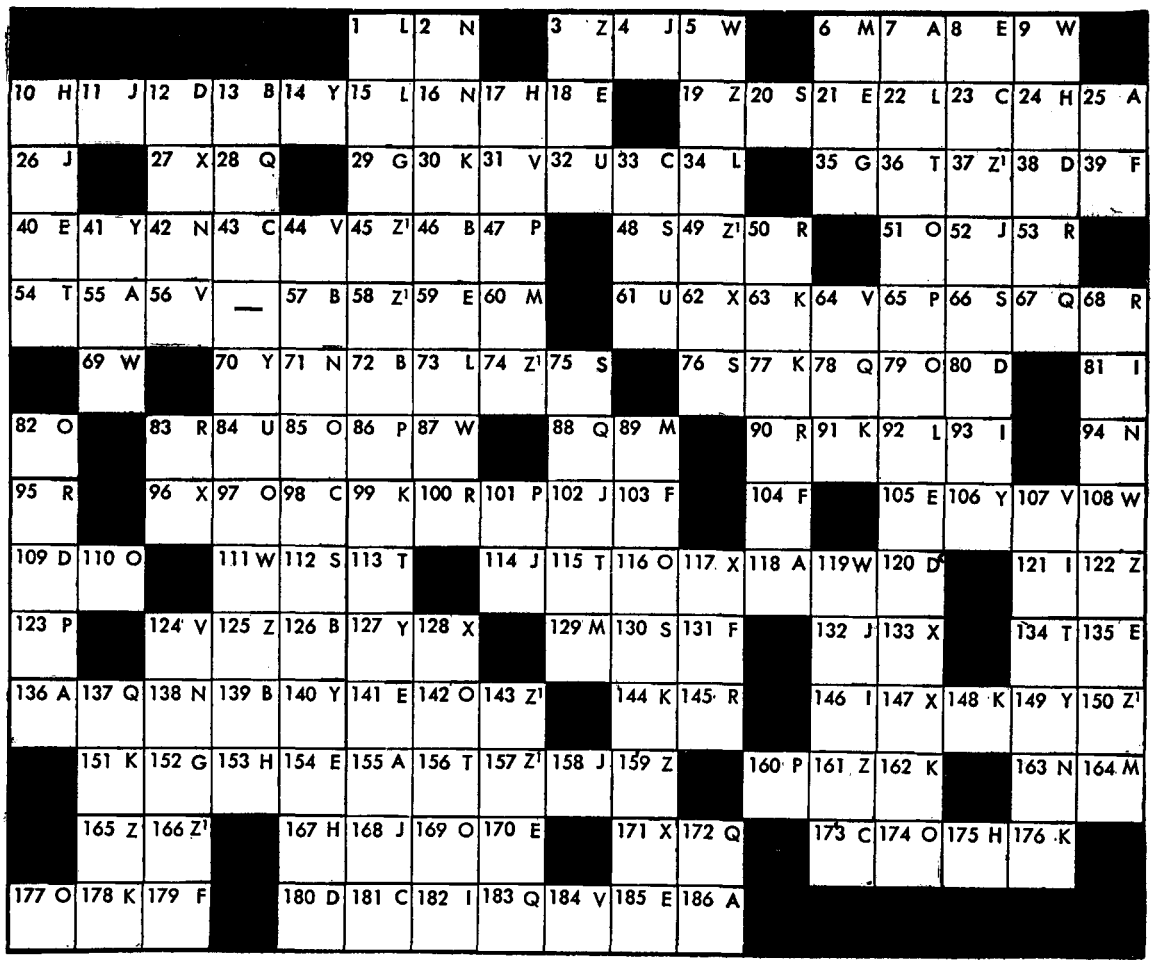
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To join or fasten securely.	25 7 136 155 118 55 186
B. Elixir of life (Hinduism).	13 72 46 139 57 126
C. Historical novel by George Eliot.	181 173 98 43 23 33
D. Nickname, 32nd state admitted to Union, 1858.	120 38 180 80 109 12
E. Not realized.	135 154 18 21 59 105 185 141 8 40 170
F. Confederate general defeated by Sheridan at Winchester, etc.	179 104 103 39 131
G. A huge fabulous bird (Arabian Nights: Sinbad the Sailor).	35 152 29
H. Wife of King Mark and lover of Tristan (var. sp.; Arthurian romance).	17 10 24 153 175 167
I. To cudgel; thrash (Eng. slang).	121 146 81 182 93
J. Mother of John the Baptist (Bib.).	102 114 4 26 52 132 158 11 168
K. Reservoir for San Francisco in Yosemite National Park (2 words).	30 91 144 151 178 77 99 162 63 148 176
L. Queen of France in "Henry V."	1 34 73 22 15 92
M. The okra plant or its pods (var. sp.).	60 164 129 6 89

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Medieval wire-strung instrument played with a plectrum.	16 42 94 163 71 138 2
O. Swelling or bubbling up.	169 142 177 85 51 82 116 79 97 174 110
P. Like a small knob or excrescence.	123 65 101 160 86 47
Q. Decked out; well-dressed (U.S. slang).	172 137 78 28 183 67 88
R. Anything very bitter or grievous.	90 53 50 100 83 95 145 68
S. Applied to a "squad" of inept recruits.	112 48 75 76 130 20 66
T. Scolders.	113 115 54 36 156 134
U. Greek lyric and tragic poet of Chios, 5th century B.C. (only fragments extant).	61 84 32
V. In an artless fashion.	44 184 31 107 56 64 124
W. Hercules of the N. American Indians ("very strong man" in "Hiawatha").	9 111 69 5 108 119 87
X. Hardpan.	27 96 117 128 147 133 171 62
Y. Shirkers (slang).	70 106 14 41 149 127 140
Z. Hero in two titles by John Lyly.	122 165 19 3 161 125 159
Z'. In "Cymbeline," younger of two sons kidnaped by Belarius.	49 74 37 157 150 45 143 58 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR 9/29/51R 40-7-13 R
TUSCULUM COLLEGE 10/1
LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE TENN 40-7-2

Living with books

is a blessed existence common to the readers of the Saturday Review of Literature. The members of the American Library Association can claim a major role in making it possible for millions of people to live with books. For this reason the long life and prosperity of their association are particularly dear to those who read and those who publish books.

The ALA is now celebrating its 75th anniversary. For about the same length of time the university presses of the country have been publishing books. The major activity of both groups has been to bring together the author and the reader.

The university presses, therefore, take special pleasure in extending to their friends and colleagues of the American library world congratulations on 75 years of service to literature and democracy.

THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED